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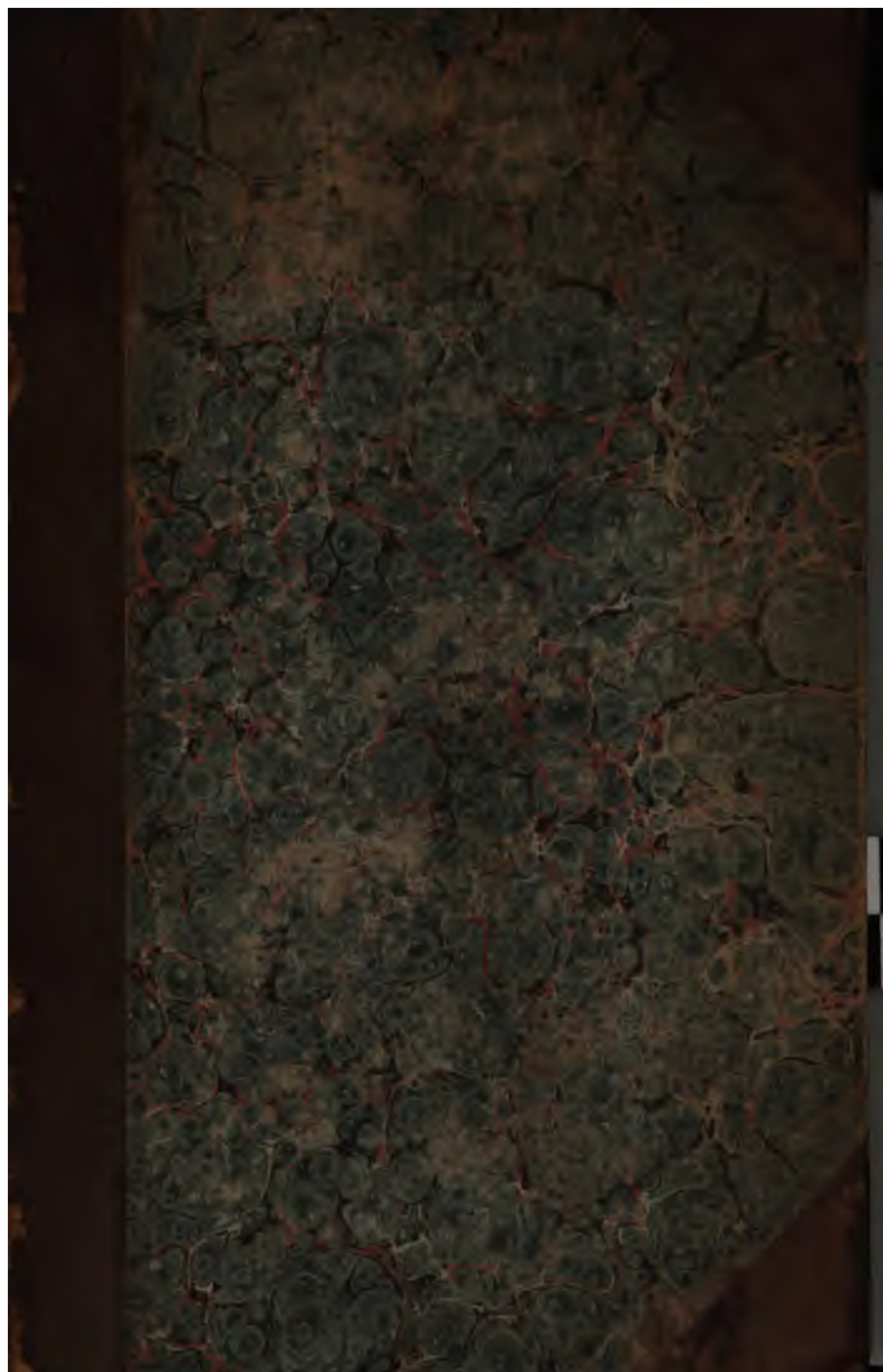
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THE

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# LAY OF THE DESERT.

A Poem.

IN TWO CANTOS.



BY HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

LONDON:  
HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1830.

327.

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## PREFACE.

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THE scene, so lengthily described, of the following Poem, might, if fictitious, be objected to, as having of late been sung with such power and fidelity, and further, as having ceased—interesting as it may be to those in the vicinity—to excite public attention ; but on this score,—as the Poem was not only designed, but in part executed on Dartmoor, and as the description of natural peculiarity rather differs from any pre-



viciously given in poetry,—the Author feels no anxiety. The charge of imitation or plagiarism he is confident cannot apply: Mrs. Hemans' poem he has not seen; Mr. Carrington's he perused when he had nearly completed his own.

The general tone of the Poem in the attempt to develope the operation of the principle of sinister interest, if morbid, is not affected; if the evil produced be exaggerated, great mischief must be by all admitted to be occasioned. To muse amid the crags of the desert has been long the favourite and frequent occupation of the Author's leisure; and in such a solitude, with, perhaps, a gloomy predisposition of mind, his reflections and feelings will hardly appear incongruous.

In the personal allusions of the second Canto, however wrong his opinions, it has been the aim

of the Author to avoid alike calumny and adulation,—to utter nothing but the truth. He cannot be liable to the charge of personal enmity, having acquaintance with only one of the individuals referred to; and to that one, he would here observe, this Poem would have been dedicated, but that the sanction of his illustrious name—a name ever associated with kindness and conciliation—might not appear to be given to anything at all likely to excite ill will.

With a boldness bordering on temerity,—the Author, young and, it may be, inexperienced and ill-informed, but in sincerity puts forth his opinions; and submits his work to that candour and fair dealing, which, while it checks folly and presumption, corrects error, and encourages ingenuousness and honourable ambition. If merit commands approbation, involuntary fault has claim to lenity. Prejudice blasts the fairest buds of promise, while it

nourishes the rank luxuriance of falsehood, and the worthless productions of vanity : but right judgment, while it roots up the baneful and unproductive, and prunes the excrescent, takes care of the solid trunk of excellence, and fosters every hopeful germ.

*June, 1830.*

#### ERRATA.

Verse cxi. p. 58, last line, *for* emulation, *read* obligation.

—— cxxiv. p. 65, line 4, *for* a, *read* or.

Note. p. 81, line 7, *for* of, *insert* a dash—

—— xliv. p. 109, line 6, *for* hast, *read* hadst.

—— clviii. p. 166, line 4, *for* Filled, *read* Felled.

—— clxxi. p. 172, line 2, *for* meal, *read* weal.



**THE**  
**LAY OF THE DESERT.**

---

Commodity, the bias of the world ;  
The world, who of itself is peised well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground ;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

## CANTO FIRST.

---

### I.

HAIL, dreary realm, where tords majestic frown  
In grandeur grim upon the uneven waste ;  
Where scented heaths the craggy vales imbrown,  
And countless streams, with sparkling lustre grac'd,  
Unbridled, foaming, bounding, headlong haste  
Their rugged paths down o'er the eternal rocks,  
Whereon no vestiges of Time are traced,  
But which are of such stubborn stuff as mocks  
The torrent's fret, heaven's bolt, the storm's tremendous shocks !



## II.

Where absent is the grove's proud pageantry,  
And, with the sylvan pomp, the sylvan lyre ;  
Where seldom sounds the sky's blithe minstrelsy,  
But—a discordant yet appropriate choir—  
Harsh-screaming wild-fowl, raving streams aspire,  
With howling wind-blasts for a fitful chorus,  
To make the waste and welkin wide admire :  
Deep, shrill, and hoarse, the desert-chaunt comes  
    o'er us,  
Than ocean's diapason little less sonorous.

## III.

Where—as upon the Antarctic deep the sail  
Of bark adventurous is seldom seen—  
Scarce one frail floweret dares its bloom unveil,  
And lift to Heaven its tender gaze serene ;  
And what elsewhere in Nature's livery green  
Had gaily glistened to the peasant's eye,  
In all the charms of May-morn's sunny sheen,  
Beneath the scowling tors and sullen sky,  
Turns dusky brown and dim, and e'en looks prone  
    to die.

## IV.

Where seems the Beautiful for aye exiled,  
And the Sublime, eternal rule to hold  
'Mid all that is romantic, strange, and wild,  
Rough, rude, tremendous, stubborn, stark, and bold ;  
O'er which in vain ten thousand suns have rolled :  
Where gaping chasms, peaks that heavenward start,  
Bluff falls, bold streams, rock-sprinkled plains unfold  
To Fancy's vision Nature's rough-drawn chart,  
The unburnished workmanship of God's creative art.

## V.

Where Sameness holds unchangeable domain,  
And doth around such potent charm dispense,  
That Man cannot disturb her iron reign  
With all the daring of his insolence,  
And proves his vaunted art mere impotence :  
Man, whose ambition grasps all nature wide,  
Who would be sovereign of the grand immense,  
From hence reverts with disconcerted pride,  
And owns how bitterly the spell-bound soil doth chide.

## VI.

Where Solitude would seem to have built a tower  
Time-proof as Heaven, and fix'd her cloud-capt  
    throne,  
And with eternal rocks to have made a bower  
So awful, mystic, dreary, and alone,  
That all her grand, yet gloomy taste must own ;  
The magic circle of her incantation  
All round is marked out with a granite zone,  
Rugged and huge,—a vast fortification  
That doth for ever bar the world's approximation.

## VII.

In days of Eld, where Superstition raised  
On every rocky peak a dismal fane :  
Far on the wild her thousand altars blazed,  
Like fiery beacons on the lonesome main ;  
And shed on tor and stream and glen and plain  
An awful, strange, and preternatural glare,  
Which seemed to tell the stars they shone in vain,  
And did the wild-fowl from her nestlings scare,  
And start the timorous red-deer from his midnight lair.

## VIII.

Where, not long since, did hand of Power erect  
A dungeon vast, a tomb-like, dingy den,  
And thousands upon thousands there inject—  
By right of war!—its victims, though freemen;  
And fence them in with a prodigious pen  
Of wall, trench, battlement, gate, bolt and bar,  
As though brute-beasts.—Such shock, O God, again  
May Freedom ne'er receive from War's dread car!  
For ever set, O God, be Battle's blood-red star!

## IX.

Ah, fatal spot! where many a gallant foe  
Of Britain died—not on Fame's crimson field—  
But on the loathsome, withering breast of Wo!  
Disease or sorrow made the mightiest yield;  
Gay youth was vain, and veteran strength no shield:  
They died,—but surely not as Heaven designed,  
If aught of Heaven's intention be revealed,—  
Imprisoned died, whom Nature would not bind;  
O'er their untimely tombs sad moans the desert wind!

## X.

All hail, Dartmoor ! as barren, bleak, and drear  
Anon as to the captive's vision, save—  
Exception that demands a piteous tear—  
Fed with the mouldering relics of the brave,  
Where the scant turf proclaims the stranger's  
grave ;—  
Anon as when, the Druid's holy-land,  
Here he, a maniac, or, may be, a knave,  
In days barbaric took his mystic stand,  
And to the tempest raved and shook his flaming brand.

## XI.

The grand Cimmeria of eternal gloom,  
Seeming at Man and Heaven alike to spurn !  
Here winter-blight yields not to summer-bloom,  
But heather, whortle, bramble, furze, and fern  
Scarce deign relax, to hail the spring's return,  
The rigid aspect of their storm-beat brows ;  
The only sign of change one can discern,  
Sole recognition that the waste avows,—  
The fall's less deafening roar, the storm's less wild  
carouse !

## XII.

Not but that here and there some little spot,  
Steals at the sun a fearful loving look ;  
Just like the tiny, fond forget-me-not,  
That peeps so timid from its hedge-row nook :  
But ah ! the oasis seems like one forsook,  
And left a stranger on the dismal moor,  
'Mid awful elves that no intrusion brook ;  
Where, ever closed, an adamant door,  
Doth 'gainst the entrance of Fertility secure.

## XIII.

Ay,—here's the castle huge of Wilderness,  
Built upon base so broad, of stuff so strong,  
Its durability words fail t' express,  
Fails quite the feeble tenor of my song :  
Let this suffice,— it hath endured so long  
So foiled outright all strength and artifice,  
Despair hath fallen the besiegers 'mong ;  
And few but own impregnable it is,—  
So few, the siege must soon—full soon be raised I  
wis.

## XIV.

—But stay, my muse !—this lofty theme refrain,  
Nor dare describe the scenes so lately sung,  
By Devon's minstrel in no vulgar strain :— (1)  
Sweet warbler of the wild ! whose fame hath rung  
Far as the subject of thy tuneful tongue,  
Hath yet no patron, yet no lordly friend,  
O'er thee the genial ray of affluence flung ?  
Uncheer'd must thou the steps of youth still tend,  
And in the toilsome task thy poet-fire expend ? (2)

## XV.

Shalt thou be added to the lengthsome list  
Of bards whose life-stream was with trouble tossed ?—  
Sunbeams of truth palled by neglect's dun mist,  
By thick successive clouds of sorrow crossed ;  
Nor, till (too late !) in death's dark midnight lost,  
In an ungrateful world's remembrance found ;  
Then—poor atonement—at the only cost  
Of pity, wonder, praise,—mere empty sound,  
Placed, 'mid the worthies of the earth, on classic  
ground !

## XVI.

Oh, shame to Taste, and wrong to Genius, foul!  
Oh, shame, Devonians ! will your smiles ne'er light  
On one on whom the heavens of fortune scowl,  
And threat to put his sunny thoughts to flight,—  
His beam of soul to quench, that burns so bright?  
Haste ye—O haste ye, ere the hour be flown,  
To mend your fault and render worth its right ;  
In vain the blush, the tear, when thus the stone—  
Here lies a bard, “ to Fortune,”—not “ to Fame un-  
known ! ” (3)

## XVII.

But why, O land of tors, and glens, and streams !  
Why do I haunt thy desert loneliness ?  
To indulge my soul in antiquarian dreams  
O'er cairn and ruin in their burial dress  
Of moss,— impervious almost to a guess ;  
Upon my fancy's wild and airy steed,  
Thro' backward centuries of time to press ;  
And, from the curbing bit of reason freed,  
To bourn of old Romance, the realm of shadows,  
*speed ?*



## XVIII.

Is't to indulge in correspondence strange,  
With fay, and sprite, and demon of the blast,  
The vacant mystics of the Ideal range,  
Which poets will converse with to the last ?  
No,—to the winds such miscreations cast ;  
Nor think that when the phantom reign is o'er,  
The reign of Poesy too will be past :  
Off with such whimsies to the days of yore,  
And give to Truth the throne which Fiction held  
before !

## XIX.

Not for the wild romance these scenes suggest,  
Nor yet for antiquarian lore, am I  
Alone amid these hoary crags in quest ;  
Neither a huntsman o'er the desert hie  
In merry mood and glowing ecstasy ;  
Nor pensive, careless half, with net or line,  
To roam the banks of dancing streamlets by,  
And the gay glittering trout entrap,—is mine :  
My course to thee, Dartmoor ! no such pursuits incline.

## XX.

I to thee lie because my soul is sick,—  
Sick with mankind and their disgusting ways ;  
Although but lately kindled my life's wick  
And but now gathering into manhood's blaze,  
Much hath it felt the world's foul, murky haze ;—  
Ay,—I have lived quite long enough to tell  
That Love, Truth, Virtue, in the world's wild maze  
Perish,—they cannot bide the boisterous swell—  
Corruption's mighty surge—that roars their funeral  
knell.

## XXI.

Well may this solemn gloom depict my thought,  
This waste—the world, alas ! more bare than this ;  
This sameness—that its nature changes not,  
But ever obstinate in evil is :  
As here some fair-contrasting oasis,  
May now and then relieve the wild-worn eye.  
So in the world some little spot of bliss  
Occasional may beam of joy supply,  
But aught to cheer the general aspect will deny.

## XXII.

But more of this anon.—It was my wont,  
In days now fading in the wake of Time,  
At eve, up Calpe's heaven-aspiring mount  
By paths, but to the goat-herd known, to climb ;  
And, seated on its sunburnt brow sublime,  
Far beetling o'er the midland sea that frowned,  
Muse,—'mid the crags while rung the Æolian chime,  
And whizzed the screaming gull its airy round,  
With snow-white wreaths below while billow billow  
crowned. (4)

## XXIII.

But half an hour and I was in the world,  
The din of mortals overwhelmed the roar  
With which the surge its mighty masses hurled  
Against the bulwarks of the western shore :  
In half an hour—it seemed the world was o'er ;  
I climbed the steep,—the troubler man seemed dead,  
The sea's was drowned in human din no more ;  
Where dwelt the timid partridge did I tread,  
And in the eagle's realm aerial lift my head.

## XXIV.

Suggested then, by that exalted state,  
That lofty region in the middle sky,  
Where o'er the storms of life I reckless sate  
Nor even heard one partial gust go by,  
Altho' the region of their rule so nigh,—  
Thoughts of the meanness of the world below,  
And proud contempt for those who had no eye  
For aught save fortune's ceaseless ebb and flow  
And that which chance upon the fickle tide might  
throw.

## XXV.

There was a charm on that untrodden height,  
Which never failed my drowsy soul to wake,  
And to ecstatic musings strange excite :  
Then would she seem from off her plumes to shake  
The ignoble dust of earth, and ready make,  
For a celestial flight, her fluttering wings ;  
Then mount, and her high aspirations slake  
With rapid gaze of all the glorious things  
O'er which the dingy mist of time no tarnish flings

## XXVI.

And when her dazzled sense began to swim  
With the too brilliant glories of the scene,  
Would she descend, and on fleet pinion skim,  
The twilight land of ages that have been ;  
O'er the abyss of space a moment lean ;  
Then, dizzy, turn her to the future's realm,  
And strive to penetrate its dun-cloud screen,  
And learn how Heaven would guide Creation's helm,  
If still maintain the spheres, or in destruction whelm.

## XXVII.

These thoughts, these raptures, sprang not from my  
will,  
But 'twas that peerless crag's proud altitude  
And Nature's voice, so charming, tho' so still,  
And my own soul, by her kind hand imbued,—  
As are the souls of all, refined or rude,—  
With relish for the eternal and the vast,  
The great and glorious, and the fair and good,— (5)  
Which did the gaze of my reflection cast  
To things celestial bright, the future, and the past.

## XXVIII.

These thoughts, these raptures, to the senseless clods  
Who love the earth far better than the skies,  
To him that in life's humble valley plods,  
And drudges on for lucre's paltry prize,—  
May seem like dreams and frantic rhapsodies :  
But sure there is not one amid the swarm  
Of human bees that would not sympathize,  
Though ere so earth-born, somewhat with the charm  
Of Calpe's height, and rouse at Nature's sweet alarm !

## XXIX.

All—all are gifted with some little spark  
Of holy love and pure celestial joy,  
Which worldliness may shut up in the dark,  
Yet never can quite smother and destroy :  
The precious metal with some base alloy  
May mix, but never can its essence lose ;  
Let the assayer his sifting art employ,  
And 'twill come forth :—the charm of Nature use,  
And the long latent spark to gleam will not refuse.

## XXX.

Is there a spot on earth without its charms—  
Charms all its own, and of peculiar kind,  
Whereat no genial human bosom warms,  
Which no admiring gaze of lover find,  
No breast with sweet association bind ?  
The arid rock, the day-precluding cave,  
Land ne'er relinquished by the winter's wind,  
And islet ever lashed by tempest's wave,  
Their own peculiar charms o'er kindred bosoms have.

## XXXI.

Thou too thy charms hast, stubborn wilderness !—  
Thine own peculiar charms, which all must feel  
Who can be pleased when in her plain undress  
Nature her uncouth beauty doth reveal :  
These awful scenes unto the soul appeal  
For admiration vast, with solemn voice,—  
A voice sublime that seems to bid man kneel,  
And own at best all worldly pleasure cloy,  
While Nature wears no form, but yields true, lasting  
joys.

## XXXII.

But O, there is a charm in this wild place,  
Of mightier sway, and sweeter influence,  
Than Nature's serious, grand, imposing grace,  
And all the attractions of her negligence,  
To him that flies the insect myriads dense,  
That all the verdure on Life's meads devour;  
Whose endless maze distracts all sober sense,  
Whose buzz eternal leaves no stilly hour,  
But doth the still small voice of Wisdom quite o'er-  
power.

## XXXIII.

It is a charm in which the Moor may vie  
With Calpe's height so lofty and so proud,  
So all alone up in the middle sky,  
So high exalted o'er the grovelling crowd :—  
Less grand, indeed, by all must be allowed,  
These jagged pinnacles, this rocky waste,  
Wide over-lowered with lurid stacken-cloud, (.)  
Than the huge Pillar in blue ocean based,  
And reared in sky where curl-cloud (°) bright is seldom  
traced.



## XXXIV.

True—less sublime this wild, but not less lone,  
And not less fit for one who loves to muse  
Where to disturb his musings there is none,  
No cause his calm reflections to confuse :  
Dead must the soul be, like these blocks obtuse  
To purposes of Nature that should not  
Rightly this waste leaf of her book peruse,  
And not perceive in this sequestered spot  
The vast inviolable hermitage of Thought !

## XXXV.

O Solitude! 'mong men can there be one  
Insensate to the charm thy presence flings  
Where'er thy haunt,—or 'neath the summer sun,  
Or 'neath the winter's tempest-brooding wings ?  
To thee the Northern bard attunes the strings  
Of his discordant lyre ; to thee the lay,  
With gentle voice the Southern minstrel sings ;—  
The fierce, the mild, the mournful and the gay  
Yield to thy spell alike, thy solemn soothing sway.

## XXXVI.

Hail, nurse of wounded spirits, Solitude !  
'Tis thou canst " minister to a mind diseased,"  
It is by thee of sorrow's night-mare brood  
The labouring bosom is so often eased ;  
So oft that passion's frenzy is appeased ;  
That from the gnawing worm of discontent  
The aching heart so often is released ;  
Physician thou by pitying Heaven sent  
To heal the sick, and to revive the almost spent.

## XXXVII.

Is man afflicted ? let him counsel ask  
Of worldly ones, and they will bid him go  
Where Folly doth to Misery lend a mask,  
A mirthful guise, through which 'tis hard to know  
The wounded soul, the hapless child of wo ;—  
Then mingle in the world's gay masquerade,  
A Lethe seek in pleasure's sparkling flow :  
The grief of worldlings may be thus allayed—  
True grief awhile—but ah ! to be more poignant made.

## XXXVIII.

Wisdom the mournful soul will gently lead  
To scenes where pleasure's stream doth never roll  
Its bright but shallow tide,—to scenes that need  
No mask of folly to disguise the soul,  
No harsh attempt the heart-vent to controul;—  
Scenes that entice not the storm-beaten breast  
With treacherous hope on disappointment's shoal,  
Or woo to a repose but brief at best;  
But where seclusion yields a long sabbatic rest.

## XXXIX.

O Solitude, what blessed charm is thine!—  
A charm which real grief must ever feel,  
That round the heart like woodbine doth entwine  
And o'er the soul a flood of fragrance deal;  
That doth in silence on the bosom steal  
With steps as gentle as the evening dew,  
And balm as soft its every wound to heal;  
That doth the dim day of the past renew,  
Yet mellowed down into a sober sun-set hue.

## XL.

Here is thy charm,—but yet its power serene  
Is by the Moor's peculiar character,  
The gloomy sternness that pervades the scene,  
Deeply affected.—O, I have been where  
Orange, geranium, myrtle did concur  
To form a lovely, fragrant, lonely bower,  
And all was still except the gentle stir  
Of some soft gale caressing leaf or flower,  
And melody of bird congenial to the hour :—

## XLI.

Ay—in the land of Andalusia fair,  
Where Summer doth her favourite dwelling make  
And not a gift of fond profusion spare,—  
O, I have been, with scarce a breath to shake  
The perfumed foliage, scarce a sound to wake  
The woodland echo, in some bowery dell,  
When soft as south-breeze on a placid lake,  
Or on the still air song of Philomel,  
Came sweetly o'er my bosom, Solitude ! thy spell.

## XLII.

But here it comes like dead-calm o'er the ocean,  
Awful and grand, majestically still,  
As if the billows ceased their wild commotion  
Obedient to some mighty spirit's will ;—  
Or like the roar, that doth the welkin fill,  
Of some far-distant but high beating surge,  
Which, while it lulls, doth make the bosom thrill :  
Here, seems the soul healed almost with a scourge,  
There, with a kiss did trouble in composure merge.

## XLIII.

There 'twas emotion mild and pensiveness,  
Here 'tis reflection stern and feeling grave ;  
There all conspired with tranquil thought to bless,  
The breast moved gently as the calm sea-wave  
Along a shore where tempests never rave ;  
Here all combines to induce a solemn mood  
Profound, as when o'er some dark ocean-cave,  
Where dash swift tides and stormy billows rude,  
The smooth but heaving waters, dark yet peaceful  
brood.

## XLIV.

Hither I bend to indulge in thought severe  
And yet find rest :—Come then, thy influence  
On me, O Solitude ! as sobered here,  
Exert, and rouse reflection's sluggish sense  
To musings solemn, serious and intense ;  
Upon my billowy passions' troubled scene  
The oil of thy composing charm dispense,—  
So that my breast present a calm serene,  
Although its swell, at times, declare a storm has been.

## XLV.

—But lo ! the tors the evening hour proclaim.  
As o'er the wild their lengthening gloom they throw  
While on the loftier peaks there rests a flame  
Like spirit winged for heaven ; the vales below  
Dark in the dusky gloom increasing grow ;  
On rugged path behold the moorman wind  
His homeward way, with weary steps and slow,  
To wholesome rest and rustic welcome kind :  
He goes—nor on the waste leaves one, save me, behind

## L.

O where is he who e'er withdrew his lip  
From the full cup which Nature doth present,  
And even importune the soul to sip?  
Who ever found the draught with bitter blent?  
Who ever drank, and said he was content?  
The longest draughts a stronger thirst create;  
Deep as we drink the cup is never spent,  
But ever brims for those who for it wait  
With sweets that ne'er disgust, that never satiate.

## LI.

Soon with the cup of worldly bliss the soul,  
If not quite drunk, is sated, and doth cast  
The unwholesome potion forth—perhaps the whole :  
But yet a smack 'twill have e'en to the last,  
A smack that makes it long, yet makes it fast,  
Half sweet, half bitter,—urging, yet repelling,  
Producing motives strangely that contrast,—  
The unhappy soul 'mid baffling mischiefs dwelling,  
In aching thirst while tantalizing waves are swelling.

## LII.

O who can tell how hard 'tis to resist  
The sparkling, bright, intoxicating draught,  
If once the lip the frothy brim hath kissed,—  
How passing hard, if deep the soul hath quaffed !  
'Tis hard indeed the bitter cup to daft,—  
A thirst, which it is death to slake, endure,—  
To flinch the potion, and to bear the shaft  
Derision points,—and, though so sweet and pure  
Is Nature's draught, the once excited distaste cure.

## LIII.

'Tis hard, indeed, upon the prickly thorns  
Of self denial to make a couch amid  
Soft beds of flowers ! Where is he that scorns  
Luxurious ease, by prudence mere forbid,  
Because beneath there may be poison hid ?  
Mortals alas ! unto their hearts' desire  
Yield, as 'tis said their common mother did ;  
When Pleasure beckons, few—how few !—retire ;  
Men rarely think, but heedless plunge into the fire.



## LIV.

Ne'er shall the cup of worldly bliss be mine,  
E'en though it be my lot to dwell in scenes  
'Gainst Nature where all empty things combine,  
And Artifice with her corruptive means  
Tempt the young heart, and but too often weans  
It from the mother-milk : mine never be  
To choose the vanity that contravenes  
Nature's substantial, sweet reality,—  
Give me but that, and what shall be the world to me !

## LV.

I know the world is false and vain and void,  
Have felt it such, and ne'er will to it trust,  
Nor, once deceived, e'er be again decoyed,  
Disgusted, ne'er incur a fresh disgust ;  
Though there is left a secret feeble lust  
For pleasures that inane and false I know,  
To vanquish which of Nature's cup I must  
Take many a copious draught, must o'er it throw  
The waters of reflection sure, but often slow.

## LVI.

"Tis eve ;—sweet eve to me that ever brings  
The sad and happy scenes of other years,  
Opens anew my passions' fitful springs,  
As with its charm the dim perspective clears ;  
The harp o' th' Past my pensive soul then hears,  
Anon with joy, anon with sorrow stirred,  
But oftener yielding sounds that melt to tears,  
As in the many strains of evening's bird,  
By Fancy's ear the plaintive is most often heard.

## LVII.

There is a meetness in this twilight hour  
For melancholy all must recognize,  
Whose hearts so seared, are not, by pleasure's power,  
Against life's soft endearing sympathies,  
So quite absolved from affection's ties,  
That like the bee which doth no fond look bend  
When the sweet flower it kissed, turns pale and dies,  
They mourn not when their loves, their friendship  
end,  
But, like the insect still, to fresh enjoyment wend.

## LVIII.

Yet what have I to do with evening's charm ?  
It is too mellow—quite too soft for me ;  
It makes me weep who need a spell to arm  
With rigid vigour, and should rather be,  
Than shedding these weak tears of sympathy,  
With gaze severe the world contemplating,  
So all distorted from propriety :  
But if tears evening from this stern scene wring,  
Fain must they from my passions' fitful fountain  
spring.

## LIX.

The dark sky weeps, and the grim tors too weep,  
And sombre sad to earth their looks deject ;  
Companionship in sorrow will I keep,  
And on the past with them in tears reflect :  
But ah ! more dismal than their retrospect—  
The dusky wild and the departed day,—  
Is that to which the sad look I direct,—  
The scenes beloved obscure in memory's ray,  
The world, in distance long, whose horrors scarce  
decay.

## LX.

Beloved scenes ! one sorrowing glance for you,  
Though dim, ye have such fascination sweet,  
I may not trust my looks,—dear scenes, adieu !  
The world, of every ill the vast concrete,  
Where all things grievous the reflection meet,  
'Tis mine, at length, to muse,—so long beguiled  
With admiration of this lone retreat,  
With charm of eve so melancholy mild,  
And with suggestive thought, that will so oft run  
wild.

## LXI.

The world alas ! is teeming full of wo,  
But whence to investigate not now I pause ;  
Anon I shall not fail one cause to show,  
The main, methinks, the most efficient cause,  
Pervasive of kind Nature's righteous laws :—  
The world is wretched,—who will this deny ?  
Around the heart of Life a canker gnaws,—  
Who will not own this is most certain,—ay,  
Unto the bitter truth bear witness with a sigh ?

## LXII.

Alas ! alas ! within earth's total range,  
Is there one single heavenly-featured spot  
Where love and friendship never know a change,  
And human bliss a summer flower is not ?  
Change, disappointment, sorrow, seem man's lot,  
His joys are brief as meteors in the air,—  
O that when fled they were as soon forgot !  
His expectations blossom and look fair,  
But ah ! how seldom fruit, and that how transient,  
bear !

## LXIII.

This mortal life is but a day's duration ;  
Love is a sunbeam ; truth, the constant sun ;  
Fashion a mist, a murky exhalation,  
Mantling the heart's pure heaven with shades most  
dun ;  
Hope is a gentle gale, before which run  
Upon the sea of Time our scattered fleet,  
And happiness the haven seldom won ;  
Interest a trade-wind is, which, when we meet,  
How oft our barks obey—against how seldom beat !

## LXIV.

To hope's sweet gale when we our sails unfurl,  
How loudly cheer we as our barks make way!  
With joy we see time's onward billows curl,  
Nor think how soon may end our lessening day:  
We speed along, the thoughtless and the gay,  
For port of happiness our canvass crowd,  
Yet haply near some maelstrom's fearful sway;  
As soars the lark more blithesome, and more loud  
His carol sings, beneath the fatal thunder-cloud.

## LXV.

Perhaps we sail a happy—happy band  
Of well-trimmed barks together gallantly,  
And cheer each other o'er the perilous strand  
With words of love and deeds of charity,  
And mingle oft in tears of sympathy  
When tracing out the shore on life's brief chart,  
Where wrecked at length our mortal barks must  
be ;—  
Up springs the storm of interest, and we part,  
The course of each is changed, and changed (too oft)  
each heart !

## LXVI.

'Tis thus with friendship—thus, alas, with love !  
And, oh, I fear there's none who could not cite  
Some piteous tale the bitter truth to prove,  
Some sad example to my purpose quite !  
Who does not know that interest's deadly blight  
Destroys each flower in Joy's fair garland worn,  
Puts all the golden dreams of Youth to flight ;  
That by its fatal blast in twain are torn  
The dearest ties, alas, who hath not cause to mourn !

## LXVII.

A tale (but is it needed ?) I will tell  
Of one than who, a nobler ne'er was known,  
Ne'er one whose bosom Nature made to swell  
With feelings more peculiarly her own :  
His heart was of such kind and tender tone,  
That, gently touched, 'twould warble like a lyre ;  
And yield the strain of joy or sorrow's moan ;  
But ah ! the chords were of such fine-drawn wire,  
They'd snap beneath the blast which interest might  
suspire.

## LXVIII.

He saw and loved a maid, whom well I knew,  
And young she was, and gentle, fair and good,  
As generous he and kind—she loved him too;  
Each in the other all embodied viewed  
The charms in vision of the fancy wooed  
Long ere they met,—those visions which arise  
Spontaneous to the mind when youth's warm blood,  
Just on the turn, vivacious fires the eyes,  
Glow through the flame, and kindles unknown sym-  
pathies.

## LXIX.

The sires were well to do, or so they seemed,  
And watched the pair with kind approving gaze,  
Or gaze that seemingly with fondness beamed ;—  
Day after day they watched, and saw Love trace—  
As spiders 'neath the sun's unclouded rays  
Their web of airy gauze—his silken snare,  
With many a fold and many a cunning maze,  
Around the hearts of the unthinking pair,—  
Who loved—yet that they loved seemed scarce to be  
aware.



## LXX.

A cloud came o'er the sun, a gale arose :—  
The spider's web is shivered in the wind,  
Before the blast the flimsy fabric goes,  
Nor leaves one relic of its wreck behind :  
O that like fate the web of love might find  
When by some ruthless blast asunder riven !  
To leave no trace upon the severed mind,  
From the fond ken of memory to be driven,—  
O that such fate in hapless love to man were given !

## LXXI.

It is not so—some wreck remains for ever,  
To which the heart will fondly, vainly cling ;  
There doth remain a thread no storms can sever,  
A broken, bleeding, yet a deathless thing.  
O that some cause, I said, away might wring  
That thread, and leave the heart as 'twas before ;  
But ah ! 'twould seem I know not what I sing,—  
I've felt the joy of grief, though grief be sore,  
And would not, if I could, my childhood's heart re-  
store.

## LXXII.

—But to my tale :—a cloud came o'er the sun ;  
The youth, his sire no longer well to do,  
No longer from the maiden's father won  
The smile which he to be approving knew :  
More and more distant still the maiden grew ;  
And then there came a long, last, lingering look,  
Like that with which the Sun bids Earth adieu :  
He marked it—yes, nor what it meant mistook,  
Nor ever might again a gaze so thrilling brook.

## LXXIII.

The maiden's father bid her heart be cold,—  
She strove in vain the mandate to obey ;  
And from her heart love's traces to unfold  
The more she toiled, more complex still were they :  
Gay would she look—but ah ! she was not gay ;  
And though she plunged her into fashion's stream,  
She could not wash her bosom's dye away,—  
'Twas deeper, deeper far than it might seem,  
Floods of oblivion could not quench her passion's  
beam.

## LXXIV.

Some thought her hectic flush morn's rosy ray,  
And augured well from her light airy mien ;  
But others said that at the close of day  
Such glowing flush and gaiety are seen,  
And rather tell that happy hours have been  
Than speak of joys to come. Too true ! the maid  
To grief had used her beauty as a screen,  
As soon appeared, when on her death-couch laid,  
The ravages of grief's consumption were displayed.

## LXXV.

Unhappy maid !—but more unhappy youth !  
He lived—his sorrows but to recollect,  
And stand a shattered monument of truth,—  
A noble ruin, but a sad effect,  
That even made the world (its cause) deflect  
From its obduracy and dearth of tears :  
But ah ! how cold, how short was its respect !—  
As when some mighty bark the shallop cheers  
It hath run down, yet through the surge right onward  
steers.

## LXXVI.

Most hapless youth ! of love and fortune reft,  
One would have thought thy cup of wo ran o'er,  
Yet was it not until by friendship left  
Thou found'st the brimming cup could hold no  
more :

When thou hadst none upon thy wounds to pour  
The heavenly balm of friendly consolation,—  
That choicest drug in Nature's bounteous store,—  
Then didst thou find 'neath interest's afflation  
That all is blight and blast and wreck and devastation !

## LXXVII.

'Tis ever thus—thus Fortune's changeful disk  
Doth aye the aspect of the world dictate :  
If cloudlets o'er the orb's bright visage whisk,  
The world doth in accord its smile abate ;  
There should they linger, frowns their pause await,  
Relaxing, deepening, with their varying gloom ;  
Should they pass off, the gathered brows dilate,  
And all their wonted smoothness reassume ;  
But if they stay, the look is dismal as the tomb.

## LXXVIII.

When before some auspicious gale and fair  
Upon the sunny ocean of Success,  
With streamer flaunting in the clear blue air,  
All in most gallant trim, beneath a press  
Of sail well-filled, some vessel doth progress,  
How from a thousand barks the cheers rise loud !  
And to the port of Worldly Happiness  
As nears she in her course so gay and proud,  
How general bursts the all-hail from the admiring  
crowd !

## LXXIX.

But rare on the dark sea of Sorrow looms  
One smile of worldliness, one friendly sail ;  
When upon Fortune's strand a vessel booms,  
Urged onwards by Adversity's rude gale,  
How many on the cliffs of Vantage hail  
The storm-distracted, wreck-devoted bark,  
With wrecker's cheer,—how many wanton rail,  
Or scarcely deign the billows strife remark,  
And to the final crash and death-scream coldly hark !

## LXXX.

'Tis ever thus—thus worldlings quite devoid  
Appear of every social feeling kind,  
All soft susceptiveness would seem destroyed—  
One induration to pervade the mind :  
They have a smile—but ah ! there lurks behind  
Some crafty purpose sinister and base,  
As soon the children of misfortune find :  
Interest all candour from the brow doth chase,  
While on the breast it leaves of sympathy no trace.

## LXXXI.

O Interest ! thou bane of human life,  
Of friendship, love, affection, antidote !  
Thy name is with sad recollection rife,  
And long from the world's history could I quote—  
In which thy deeds at rueful length are wrote—  
Some dismal story, but no end there were :  
I would describe, but how shall I denote  
Thy all-efficient fatal character ?  
Fit symbols scarce, methinks, are likely to occur.

## LXXXI.

Of nature thou art dry-rot ; cankerworm  
Of every flower of sympathy benign,  
Of feeling, every young auspicious germ ;  
Moth eating out the page of truth divine,  
Each golden precept, each celestial line ;  
Rust sullyng honour's sun-bright brilliancy ;  
Wax that defiles the honey pure and fine,  
The virgin honey of sincerity ; (7)  
And gall that taints the mead of bliss most bitterly.

## LXXXIII.

On life's amenities thine influence  
Is far more deadly than the burning stream  
That Ætna vomits with a throw immense  
On the fair vales of Sicily,—than beam  
Of forked lightning where the vineyards teem  
With promise of profusion : for anon  
Nature the desolation will redeem ;  
But where's the mind thy bane hath fallen upon,  
That ever doth again its primal bloom put on ?

## LXXXIV.

The Upas of the mental world thou art,  
And fast thy foul miasms pollute the air ;  
And such contagion fell abroad impart,  
All forms of goodness one wide ruin share.  
A demon art thou, and a plague dost bear,  
A moral pest of most destructive power :  
What virtue in thy ravage dost thou spare ?  
Alas ! and what affection not devour ?  
Frailty before thee falls, and Fortitude doth cower.

## LXXXV.

Interest ! thou art the god of this vile age,  
And every bosom serves thee for a fane,—  
Yes, in thy worship who will not engage,  
Oh ! who will base apostacy disdain ?  
Nay, from thy worship who dare now refrain  
Since 'tis the orthodox, and they, who flinch  
Its creed and practice, do so under pain  
Of Scorn's rude buffet, Penury's keen pinch,  
Of sufferings from which the very bravest winch ?



## LXXXVI.

They who aright, unbending, firm pursue  
The narrow way that is so seldom trod,  
And ever keep the goal of Truth in view ;  
In faith inflexible who spurn all fraud,  
Nor once bow down before the upstart god,  
Are very few,—so very few indeed  
Can bear the stripes of Persecution's rod,  
Resist temptation, and for conscience bleed,  
And unto plenteousness prefer an aching need.

## LXXXVII.

Truly, the faithful are not worse for wo,  
'Tis as the furnace to the sterling ore ;  
Affliction makes the soul its metal show,  
But the ordeal is exceeding sore,  
So that, at times, it can be borne no more ;  
Yet if there's aught of goodness in the heart,  
It renders it far better than before ;  
It makes new virtues into being start,  
And to the whole celestial lustre doth impart.

## LXXXVIII.

Ah ! sure it is a very bitter thing,  
From the bare path of staunch integrity,  
To see apostate thousands wallowing  
Deeply in Pleasure's full luxuriancy !  
Tis hard 'mid such a spectacle to be,  
In indigence, unyieldingly content ;  
Forbid by Faith to yield to, and to flee  
The tempting scene unable,—to be spent  
In deeds of self-denial by Heaven's strange purpose  
sent.

## LXXXIX.

And to be singular how difficult—  
To be among the faithless only true !  
When millions in apostacy exult  
They who blush at it almost need be few ;  
The golden calf when millions worship, who  
Shall otherwise than catholic appear ?  
While Persecution scourges, Fashion too  
Means as effectual, though less severe,  
Will use to turn aside from Duty's stern career.

## XC.

Alike all ages unto Interest bow,—  
Compelled to worship, self-willed, or enticed ;  
And scarcely one maintains the true faith now :  
In youth men in the false are catechised,  
And bitterly, to learn it, oft chastised,—  
So does the heart instinctive spurn the rules  
Therein contained by Artifice devised :  
Yet but too well the teacher—Custom schools,  
They learn—or are accounted idiots, very fools.

## XCI.

Behold a youth into the world just brought—  
The world, that grand conventicle of lies,—  
With all the usual instruction taught,  
In wisdom of a tyro-worldling wise :  
Mark how therein his hateful craft he tries,—  
His emulation not to be outdone  
In its laborious, slavish exercise  
Of meanness and deceit by any one :  
How apt he is at ill, his course though just begun !

## XCII.

See him to Fortune's favourites meanly fawn,  
How serpent-like he licks the very dust,  
How in servility he casts the spawn  
Of his ambition, and as with a crust  
Of sycophancy veils his envious lust ;  
The embryo-reptiles of his aspirations  
Doth to the sun of Favour fondly trust,  
And with a crocodile's maternal patience,  
Await the ray that shall perfect the miscreations !

## XCIII.

Regard awhile his friendship and his love,  
The offspring either of mere selfishness,  
That ever-varying and soon faithless prove,  
And glow and cool, but ne'er are found to bless.  
True love and friendship, like the sun, though less  
At times they warm, because we, like the earth  
In winter, as it were, have our recess,  
Yet never fail of joys of real worth :  
But unto semblance mere gave interest ever birth.

## XCVIII.

But oh ! surpassing sad's the fate of her  
Who think's t'have found a kindred heart to beat  
Responsive to her own, a bosom where  
May she repose in sure reliance sweet,—  
No mutual love, no genial glow to meet,  
No heart to find responsive to her own,  
No fondling care her confidence to greet ;  
But worldling's gelid breast and heart of stone :  
'Tis like the chill of death upon her life-blood thrown.

## XCIX.

O blest connubial union ! formed to stay  
Our feeble natures 'gainst the fretful jar,  
The bitter brunt of life ; to smooth our way  
So wild and rough ; and like the single star  
That sometimes cheers the wanderer from afar,  
To light us pilgrims through this vale of tears ;  
Or 'mid Time's billows like a friendly spar  
To us presented when no hope appears,—  
A boom to buoy us up amid a surge of fears.

## C.

It is the sun of the domestic sphere,  
The cause from which our choicest joys arise,  
Source of relations nearest and most dear,  
Whose influence binds by the most tender ties,  
Makes in one sweet attraction sympathize;  
Celestial fountain, which the golden urns  
Of youthful hearts with light of love supplies—  
Light that in them reflected brightly burns,  
From them in grateful correspondence returns.

## CI.

Wo is Humanity if this doth fail,  
For then all hope must be for ever fled,  
No remedy can reach our nature's ail,  
Our hearts will be to all fine feeling dead.  
And that it doth fail, and that in love's stead,  
Commodity obtains, is mournful truth;  
Where are they now who from affection wed?  
In vain we seek among the myriad youth,  
The search but gives fresh cause for anger or for ruth.

## CII.

For if perchance in the extensive round  
A seldom heart to sympathy alive,  
A simple child of Nature there be found,—  
Although untaint amid disease it thrive,  
It cannot long the stroke of grief survive ;  
Deception shocks it with an icy chill,  
Its tendril hopes doth hard-heart Interest rive,  
And flower of bliss with ruthless handling kill;  
Fell on its bloom of love life's poison-dews distil.

## CIII.

But oh ! how seldom does one find a heart  
So gently framed, so very nicely strung,  
To writhe beneath unkindness' bitter smart,  
To break when by rude disappointment wrung !  
Not from the general stock is such one sprung,  
And not a drop has of the blood that flows  
So almost totally mankind among !  
Nothing in common with the world it knows,  
But in a thorny wild appears a lonely rose.

## CIV.

The worldly maiden and the worldly youth  
To tender feelings seem alike obtuse,  
And equally regardless of the truth;  
In rivalry contend they of abuse  
Of Nature's holy principles, and use  
Of the base wiles of fiction and chicane,—  
Successful which to that alone conduce  
The wise are never anxious to obtain—  
But vanity at best, and oft most wretched gain.

## CV.

The rough material of the world doth soon  
Each fine susceptiveness of feeling blunt ;  
Long ere mortality attains its noon  
Doth interest the growth of virtue stunt ;  
Doth habit warp the will into a wont  
Of cold indifference to the heart's dictate ;  
Doth custom dull the conscience to the brunt  
Of evil bursting through the sacred gate  
She, mental warden, should preserve inviolate.



## CVI.

Corruption comes, a dark Lethean stream,  
In that of good oblivious to the soul,  
But in respect of ill, unto extreme,  
Acting thereon with contrary control.  
A little leaven leaveneth the whole;  
One leprous spot, soon all alike is wan;  
Let evening shadows o'er the welkin roll,  
Tis quickly night :—tainted, the heart's soon gone,  
Yes—and alas ! for aye,—but rare reclaimed anon.

## CVII.

Fain will the soul with the foul current swim,  
And,—like a man who, conscious he must sink  
Still bears his head above the ocean's brim,  
Yet yields him to the tide,—upon the brink  
Of utter ruin for a moment blink,  
And for a moment cling to rectitude  
And from a moral drowning trembling shrink,  
While still it yields unto the fatal flood  
Which soon or late o'erwhelms whate'er is fair and  
good.

## CVIII.

Alas for man ! alas for woman too !  
For him we blush, his reason turned to shame ;  
For her we weep, her charms perverted rue,—  
She is so lovely, hardly dare we blame :  
Woman is weakness,—man deserves a name  
Implying folly and perversity ;  
Yet he too doth commiseration claim,  
So frail is he in life's incipency,  
So prone—so like the dupe of habitude to be.

## CIX.

Ah ! who knows not in youth-hood's pliant age  
How easy 'tis to warp the right desire ;  
From truth's instinctive longings disengage,  
And after things forbidden cause aspire ;  
To bend, at length, the mind's elastic wire  
And make it work against the very grain ;  
To force the tender nature through the fire  
To interest's Moloch, although hard—nay vain  
Sometimes to attempt—to enure the grown up to the  
pain ?

## CX.

Thus worldly parents strive, nor vainly strive,  
To apathy their offspring to enure,  
To dead the feelings that would keep alive  
The dread of fiction, and to truth secure :  
By long association they ensure  
And rivet on their uncongenial modes ;  
Long contact doth the very best impure,  
The most enduring, constant fret corrodes ;  
Black Artifice, in time, fair Nature quite explodes.

## CXI.

An age springs up all stunted, warped, and narrow-  
rowed ;  
The plants indigenous of virtue, placed  
In every mind to grow and blossom, harrowed  
By worldliness, whose glory is a waste  
With not a spot of virtuous freshness graced :—  
An age springs up thus spoiled by education,  
By worldly fashions fettered and debased ;  
Unknowing every Nature's just relation,  
Interest the only tie and cause of emulation.

## CXII.

Love then—'mong Nature's just relations prime,  
The mighty link from whence depends a chain  
Of less relations—good, but less sublime,—  
Love (but the word so using I profane)  
Is, as I sang, false, cold, deceptive, vain,—  
A link in Nature's forge that was not cast,  
That cannot bear affliction's partial strain ;  
A rope of sand that doth one moment last,—  
A moment more, is shivered in the adverse blast.

## CXIII.

Love failing thus, thus all the links too fail  
That do upon its flimsy strength depend,  
All fond connections sever in the gale,  
With Fortune's sunshine, all affections end,  
And, swallow-like, in quest of summer wend ;  
Pauses not one unto the gloomy soul  
A cheering ray, a kindly look to lend,  
To shew the path that leads to Hope's bright goal ;  
All—all are fled through heaven when sorrow's dun  
clouds roll.

## CXIV.

Nor in the course of time do mortals mend :  
Youth's lukewarm blood in later years grows chill,  
And heat and cold may scarce be said to blend ;  
Old age comes on, the blood grows colder still,  
At length till frozen in its fleshy rill.  
If in the morn of life there be no glow  
Of holy feeling, ah ! there never will :  
If then the mind no bud of virtue show,  
"Twill not when bleak the winds of life's dark even  
blow !

## CXV.

No—never where hath Artifice got hold  
Doth Virtue re-establish her domain ;  
Where hath Corruption's inundation rolled,  
The bloom of Nature is not seen again :  
As here descend the vernal showers in vain,  
As here in vain the summer sunbeams light,  
So on the tainted, blasted mind the rain  
Of love descends, the sun of truth shines bright ;—  
Nothing can quicken where hath fallen the world's  
fell blight.

## CXVI.

Remorse may come—but ah! to what avail?  
Can it the ill occasioned rectify?  
When worldlings find their stratagems all fail,  
And full frustration proves their hope a lie;  
When the thick tears gush from the downcast eye,  
And through the sorrow-shower faint truth-beams  
peer,  
Think ye revive the virtues which did die—  
The tender feelings which the world did sear?  
The autumnal storm anon shall wake the early year.

## CXVII.

Youth, manhood, age, but different stages are  
Of man's disease—distemper of the mind:  
At first, awhile the natural powers mar  
The wide contagion—will not be confined  
In the strait bonds with which would custom bind;  
Yet is the soul anon diseased and bound  
Beyond remedy; coils of habit wind  
Its sickening limbs, its faculties around:  
Age but augments the ill, each day fresh coils are  
wound.

## CXVIII.

As sometimes, in the annals of the Earth,  
 A strange—in almost preternatural course  
 Of seasons quite incongruous, like a birth  
 Of monsters, comes from Nature's womb,—the

## SOURCE

Of such unseason, only when by force  
 Of cause occasional impregnated;—  
 When voice of Spring, than Winter's though less  
 hoarse.

Yet seems to bid the dead earth still be dead,  
 Nor in the year's dull round the saying is unsaid :

## CXIX.

So—but alas ! how frequent comes to Man  
 A course not less incongruous and adverse  
 To Nature's grand, and good, and general plan—  
 Of youthhood, manhood, age, nor less the curse  
 hat sweet soil—the parent and the nurse  
 duty, virtue, truth,—the human mind :  
 -but the mental evil is the worse,  
 its degree as different in kind,  
 need, be to far other cause assigned.

## CXX.

Of evil physical the causes found,  
The reasons of the seeming ill and strange,  
Sure 'twere apparent in the general round  
Of things—although there be sometimes a change—  
That nought goes wrong to the remotest range !  
God justly holds Creation's vasty scales,  
With equal eye surveys the World's wide grange ;  
Through space the Universe unerring sails,  
And not the Helmsman's arm, but our weak reason  
fails.

## CXXI.

All's well—All's well—methinks wide Nature cries  
From faintest dawn to darkest shade of night ;  
The orbs of the illimitable skies  
Shout from their posts along the etherial height—  
All's well—All's well ; to furthest space outright  
Extends the cry, and worlds invisible  
To our incarnate spirits' feeble sight,  
Repeating send it on with gathering swell,  
With multitudinous shout, till Heaven resounds—All's  
well.



## CXXII.

All's ill—All's ill—cries a sepulchral voice,  
 All's ill among the children of the earth :  
 The scales of harmony are off their poise,  
 And worthlessness predominates o'er worth ;  
 The evil o'er the good with buoyant mirth  
 Triumphant mounts : and with malicious jeers  
 Dock Vice taint Virtue with her heavenly birth,  
 As though a stain : and Art ashamed appears  
 Of bold-browed Truth, and mean Diminution  
       cheers.

## CXXIII.

All's ill—all's wrong, extravagantly wrong,  
 Williness and wayward eccentricity.  
 The worldly ones of this fair earth among ;  
 The serpent children of Hypocrisy.  
 Avarice' sons with hearts of ebony,  
 The apish children of soul Fashion, and  
 The idiot brood of lecherous Luxury,  
 Far out of Nature's harmonious order stand—  
 Whose group confused, a most unseemly band.

## CXXIV.

And why—oh ! why is this desuetude  
'Mong men of Nature's most harmonious course ?  
Oh ! why such evil where so much is good ?  
Or by contingency a fated force ?  
The passive victim—man, or willing source ?  
Is such exception Providence' intent,  
And can it not be otherwise than worse ?  
Consists the best in good with evil blent,  
And must the feeling eye the unhappy state lament ?

## CXXV.

Cause see I none save man's contrary will  
To counteract the general design ;  
'Tis mortals choose not that design fulfil,  
Not that it is not ample and benign.  
All means in Providence at once combine  
To work together for the weal of man ;  
But he, the gracious plot to countermine,  
With—ah !—too much effect does what he can,  
And most exults most marring the celestial plan !

## CXXVI.

How strange that he to whom alone 'tis given—  
 The highest boon—of visible things create,  
 To scrutinize the mysteries of Heaven,  
 Causation's secret work to investigate—  
 The laws the Universe that regulate ;—  
 That he who only can conceive the scheme  
 At once so passing fair, and good, and great,  
 Should dare to beat against the glorious stream  
 Of natural sequences, and thwart the Will Supreme!

## CXXVII.

Fatuity most gross and paramount;  
 Perversity most mad and recreant;  
 Who the degree of witlessness can count;  
 And who the will shew how extravagant;  
 A choir of idiots should the folly chaunt;  
 The waywardness, a band of maniacs wild  
 Beneath the full-orbed moon of Autumn rant :  
 Dull Idiocy should claim Man as her child,  
 Her pet should Man by frantic Lunacy be styled !

## CXXVIII.

Who that I say will venture to deny,  
Or charge me with exaggeration who?  
Hyperbole and fiction love not I,  
But only to express what seemeth true.  
O that the proofs were fewer—far more few  
Of my most staunch fidelity to fact!  
Convince me some one of a partial view  
Of human things, surcharged and unexact,  
What joy were mine the unfaithful version to retract!

## CXXIX.

Alas! full plenteous proof could I adduce  
From the world's history for what I say;  
Yes—testimonials it were hard to choose,  
So very multitudinous are they,—  
The sad profusion fills one with dismay!  
Oh where should I the catalogue begin—  
Oh where would terminate the gloomy lay?  
So long the tale of misery, folly, sin,  
The total race of man involved seems therein.

## CXXX.

One only mournful story have I told,  
It was of hapless love and friendship blighted,—  
How many such doth life's dark page unfold!  
Of others, ah! how many might be cited!  
Sweet ties of kin by Interest divided,  
The silken chords of natural connection,  
The carnal bonds by which we are united  
In mutual dependence and affection,—  
Oh God! my heart bleeds, nor can bear the sad reflection.

## CXXXI.

Morbid my strain is, but not more than real,  
There's on the picture no excrescent blot;  
Delight none feel I in the dark ideal,  
But oft with joy in the unfrequent spot  
Illumined bid the gloomy be forgot—  
Forgot? Alas! the sphere of life so dark,  
That if anon across it there be shot  
Of truth and virtue a celestial spark,  
The vasty gloom profound we fain the more remark!

## CXXXII.

The burden of my song hath hitherto  
Been lamentation, bitterness and wo ;  
Out of but one how many an evil grew—  
Almost too swiftly for my verse so slow !  
Interest's dark tide upon its ample flow  
Ills in its every wave increasing bore,  
And upcast mischiefs in its every throw,  
And lined with thousand wrecks Life's rugged  
shore ;  
But ah ! there's yet a dismal ocean to explore !

## CXXXIII.

Proceed then on the untoward voyage, my muse !—  
So long and with sad incident replete ;  
Sluggish, thy utmost press of canvass use,  
But fearless, 'gainst the turgid billows beat :  
Observe what myriad barks thereon compete  
In wild career, Corruption's Port to gain ;  
And look on Truth's illustrious little fleet,  
That of its littleness will cause thee pain—  
But joy, so gallantly to brave the boisterous main.

## CXXXIV.

But stay ! methinks, O muse, 'twere well not yet  
On this long enterprise embark—for lo !  
The flush of evening gone—the sun long set—  
The lofty tors no more in purple glow,  
Nor on the waste their lengthy shadows throw ;  
But all is whelmed in one vaste concrete shade,  
Which deepening and still deepening, bids me go ;  
And Night, with banner black on high displayed,  
Comes with her glittering hosts the desert to invade.

## CXXXV.

And hark ! except the gustful moor-gales sighing,  
As up the shaggy mountain-sides they creep ;  
And hollow murmurs of the streamlets hieing  
Their dark meanders through rough caverns deep,  
That through the air in solemn music sweep,—  
All—all is hushed in stern serenity ;  
In wild festoons around each rocky steep,  
The mists behold ! the desert tapestry,  
E'er and anon fringed with the meteor's brilliancy.

## CXXXVI.

Adieu ! wild scenes,—adieu ! till Morning waves

His red-rose ensign o'er your sombre gloom ;

Then, while the pearls from Heaven's ethereal  
caves

Set off the heath and timid wild flowers' bloom,

And the first sunbeams these huge crags illumine,

I'll re-ascend yon tor's dark-mantled height,

And there, my muse, shalt thou thy task resume :

But now to rest the twinkling stars invite—

With joy my weary powers obey—Dartmoor ! good  
night !





**NOTES**  
**TO**  
**CANTO FIRST.**



## NOTES

TO

### CANTO FIRST.

---

1. Verse xiv. lines 2 and 3.

——— *the scenes so lately sung*

*By Devon's minstrel in no vulgar strain :—*

While the poetic excellencies of Carrington's Dartmoor are universally admitted, its general truth of description must be peculiarly appreciated by those, in any degree, familiar with the scenery—its subject; yet it is obvious to remark, that the poet's fancy has occasionally carried him into improprieties.

It would seem, almost, that he had generally visited the Moor in seasons of sunshine; and that he ever saw it, not in the nakedness of its originality, but through the medium of the impressions which had been occasioned in his mind, by the lovely scenery which lay

in his course towards it. The banks of the Lara—Saltram—Bickleigh—Meavy—Walkampton, appear to have maintained their charm, long after they had claimed and received the passing tribute of admiration. If, by contrast, the grandeur, the solemnity, the sullenness of the desert, were enhanced, the effect was much diminished by the recurrence of some incongruous thought or object. Mr. C. would seem in search of the pleasing rather than the sublime, besides being in a most discursive mood. A lark, with its merry lay, springing up anear, or a mountain bee, “winding her small but mellow horn,”\* crossing his moorland path,—his attention is diverted, though delightfully, perhaps to the prejudice of the subject of his song. The lay, too, would seem to partake of the ecstasy of the occasion, real or supposed,—a sun-bright holiday; the idea is constantly suggested of the long-confined and drudging school-master just unimprisoned, like one of his own scholars—

“The sportive children just let loose from school.”

But that he had often seen the Moor under its usual aspect of gloom, we have reason to believe, not only from his own assurance; but from many parts of his poem; the striking accuracy and power of which, would induce us to think they had been composed under the influence of immediate impression.

Upon the future condition of Dartmoor it is, that the poem is chiefly (it may be only) deserving of censure: then it is that Mr. Carrington is most apt to indulge the happy mood of mind, with which nature would seem to have endowed him. The slight

\* Rogers.

change produced upon the borders of the stubborn region by the Railway Establishment, excites the most hopeful imaginings.

“ On Fancy’s gaze

Delicious visions rise ! ‘ The wilderness,’  
 No longer rock-strewed, ‘ blossoms as the rose.’  
 A thousand cots fair sprinkled o’er the sward,  
 Where the old desert howled, delight the eye ;  
 The smoke upcurls between the trees ;—the fields,  
 High-cultured, spread around ;—the flow’r-fringed streams  
 Melodious roll ;—the merry woodland wakes  
 Its varied lay enchanting ;—while the voice  
 Of Man is heard amid the general burst  
 Of soul-inspiring sounds.”

Of most sanguine temperament indeed must one be to indulge such anticipations. But very inconsiderable portions of the Moor have been subjected to the art of man : tors have been felled, removed ; but nothing further has been done in the way of cultivation, than the surrounding fertility sanctioned in expecting might be readily accomplished. Had he inquired of Agriculturists in the neighbourhood their opinions as to the probability of the Moor’s being rendered other than it is, generally,—had he sought for information of any of the unfortunate ones, who have expended their all in endeavouring to farm some small portions of it, he certainly would have avoided this sweet but extravagant rhapsody.

The object of the foregoing remarks is not at all to insinuate that Mr. Carrington has been unduly praised, but only to justify the

description which I have given of the Moor. I could expatiate upon the incongruousness of the general soil; but this would be, if not uninteresting, quite foreign to my purpose, which, in the preceding verses, has been but to convey a notion of the prominent peculiarities of the scene.

2. Verse XIV. lines 8 and 9.

*Unsheltered must thou the steps of youth still tread,  
And in the toilsome task thy post-fire expend?*

Since writing this I have heard that, from very ill health, Mr. Carrington has been obliged to give up his school, and is in very adverse circumstances. The verses that follow are, unhappily, rendered the more appropriate.

3. Verse XVI. line 9.

*Here lies a bard, "to Fortune," not "to Fame unknown!"*

*"Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown."*

*Epitaph,—Gray's Elegy.*

4. Verse XXII. lines 3 to 9.

*At eve, up Calpe's, &c.*

Calpe, now Gibraltar, one of the pillars of Hercules, whether on account of its historical associations, or its natural peculiarities,

merits attention. The Author may, perhaps, be inclined to regard it with an eye of partiality as the place of his birth ; but he cannot avoid, for the sake, not merely of pleasing reminiscence, but of intrinsic attractions, dwelling a moment upon it. Historical reference might be out of place ; but brief local allusion will not be deemed inappropriate.

Though not immediately situate at the southern extremity of Spain, yet, by reason of its prominence, may Gibraltar be considered as the grand bounding-post or pillar of Europe,—nay, in truth, the limit of civilization. Long has the mighty column ceased to be the *ns plus ultra* of navigation,—barks are for ever passing through the narrow strait that now bears its name—

“ Quella foce stretta

Ov’ Ercole segnò li suoi riguardi

Acciochè l’uom più oltre non si metta”—\*

but science progresses not ; from age to age the narrow gulf remains unpassed, and Africa is the undisputed domain of barbarism. But the superiority of the Spaniard to the Moor in the arts of social life, has been for many years becoming less and less conspicuous ; and like an eagle from a distant land, would science seem to have pitched upon the Rock, and there made her dwelling place. To confine myself to scenic description.

Rising in the clearest sky, in almost immediate ascension, to the height of 1400 feet, Gibraltar, as it bursts upon an individual in the Strait, excites not more the feeling of the grand, than a sensation of

\* Dante.



The verse in question supposes me seated, not upon the very height of the Rock,—for then, by merely turning round, I might have beheld the prospect of the bay and town as before mentioned,—but upon a crag of the Eastern side, about 100 yards below it. My musings there were subject to no mortal interruption, though now and then indeed very ludicrously disturbed by some squalling ape.

5. Verse xxvii. lines 4 to 7.

*And Nature's voice, so charming, though so still,  
And my own soul, by her kind hand imbued—  
As are the souls of all, refined or rude,—  
With relish for the eternal and the vast,  
The great and glorious, and the fair and good,—*

Refinement may be said less to engender than to awaken, and less, perhaps, to awaken than to foster the principles of taste. There are few, indeed, so dull, however rude and humble in condition, as not to be, in some degree, susceptible of the emotions of beauty and sublimity; of emotions that, upon analysis, would be found akin to the best feelings of refinement.

“Ask the swain,  
Who journeys homewards from a summer day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,  
O'er all the western sky? Full soon, I ween,  
His rude expression and untutored air,

Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
 The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,—  
 How lovely, how commanding !”

6. Verse XXXIII. lines 7 and 9.

*lurid stacken-cloud, &c. &c.*

*curl-cloud, &c.*

Stacken-cloud or cumulus, and curl-cloud or cirrus, are names of late used to designate certain modifications of vapour. The former consists of detached clouds congregated or stacked together in one elevated mass: it is peculiar to the day. The latter is the light, fleecy appearance in the higher regions of the air, generally observed in fine summer weather. See article “Cloud,” in supplement to *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Moor is constantly overhung with stacken-clouds of a deep sombre hue; and the fall-cloud, or stratus, the name given to that which is generally called fog and mist, may constantly be seen in the deep retired vales, assuming the appearance often of a river, or enveloping the tops as with a winding-sheet.

7. Verse LXXXIII. lines 7 and 8.

*Wax that defiles the honey pure and fine,  
 The virgin honey of sincerity.*

These figurative expressions have allusion to the derivation of the word sincerity from the Latin *sinceritas*, a compound of *sine* and *cera*, implying the pure honey without admixture of wax.



**THE**  
**LAY OF THE DESERT.**

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**CANTO SECOND.**



## CANTO SECOND.

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### I.

BEGINS the dawn the welkin to invest  
With lustrous drapery of purple light,  
Mantles a ruddy hue the wild's swart breast,  
Celestial gems the dusky heath bedight,  
The myriad streams, with coruscations bright  
Of spray phantastic wreathed, obstreperous dash  
The glens adown, but scarcely left by night,  
The echoes loud resound the roaring splash,  
And wild-fowl waking, with the din their harsh notes  
clash.

## II.

Fleet on its sky-fledged pinions day-light skims  
From tor to tor along the broken waste,  
O'er many a wide lagoon of vapour swims,  
And leaves thereon its vestige brightly traced ;  
And, as it presses in its onward haste,  
Doth from its pinky plumes the dew-drops cast ;  
Then dipping, seems the rivulet to taste,  
Then dives through some dark glen of granite vast,  
Till on some lofty peak it re-appears at last.

## III.

Hail, Morning, hail !—the infancy of day,  
Young cherub smiles upon thy rosy lips,  
Bright angel ringlets round thy temples play ;  
About thy path, with wild and wanton quips,  
Fawn-like, Hilarity exulting skips ;  
And jocund Health, with blithe and ruddy face,  
In merry dance on toe elastic trips ;  
While FatherTime seems pleased the growth to trace  
Of his young child, the last of his unnumbered race.

## IV.

New-born of heaven, young day ! to hail thy birth  
All nature joins in one vast unison,  
A thousand creatures welcome thee to earth,  
And shout thee on the course thou hast to run ;  
Silent 'mong things created is not one—  
Not one ? Alas ! not one save only he  
Than who more loud, so loud as who should none  
Be ever,—Man, by Fashion bid to be  
Dumb when all speak, dead to all natural sympathy.

## V.

Celestial stranger ! what of Earth dost think,  
Elsewhere so beautiful, and here so grand ?  
Canst find throughout one false—one broken link,  
When thou hast all the ample volume scanned—  
Things of the air, the ocean, and the land ?  
Is not all wondrous good and passing fair,  
With impress stamped of Sovereign Wisdom's hand ?  
Ay, truly, save where men presumptuous dare  
Against the Will Supreme rebellious war declare.



## VI.

Ere thou hast half lit up thy noon-tide blaze  
In the cerulean dome, what scenes of shame,  
Of folly, wickedness, shall meet thy gaze !  
Ere on the horizon set thy golden flame,  
Thou shalt have seen the wild delirious game  
Wherein Earth's moon-struck habitants engage,  
As thy fore-runners saw ; and with the same  
Report of evil from thy worldly stage  
To the long journal add another dismal page.

## VII.

Yet though from Heaven to Earth a witness sent,  
And hence, alas ! to bear sad tidings doomed,  
To beauty dead must be the soul content  
In drowsy chamber dull to be entombed,  
When on the welkin's verge a day hath loomed,—  
That springs not blithe from slumber's leaden shroud,  
When the grand chaunt of Nature is resumed,  
The light to hail, as, horsed on crimson cloud,  
Like warrior rides it on, majestic, gorgeous, proud.

## VIII.

Sad fool is he who on the couch of sloth  
Drawls out in stupid sleep the hour of prime,  
From idiot lethargy to rouse, who, loth,  
Sinks in oblivion this full tide of time.  
In every season and in every clime  
The early hour brings rapture to the wise ; —  
On humble plains, on towering heights sublime,  
Valleys arrayed in verdure's lovely guise,  
Or scenes like these that fling their dark looks to the  
skies.

## IX.

Lo ! wide Heaven's gate rolls on its ruby hinge—  
Forth comes the King the herald dawn proclaimed ;  
Night's sluggish vapours, with a blushful tinge,  
Slink from their earthy beds as if ashamed ;  
All ether with his glory is inflamed ;  
The orient clouds flash 'neath his golden heel ;  
And e'en these tors, for scowl eternal famed,  
Their adamantyne brows uncouth reveal,  
And almost anxious seem the general glow to feel.

## X.

But all around still wears its wonted guise  
Of deep solemnity and sullen gloom,  
Nor more with nature wide doth sympathize  
In welcome to the day's expanding bloom,  
Than one deep tawny tint of light t' assume ;  
While here and there a seldom floweret blows  
As in exception to the general doom,  
And fresher fragrance from the heath-bell flows, —  
But not a shade of change the general aspect knows.

## XI.

O scene sublime ! stern grandeur's masterpiece !  
At eve and morn alike magnificent,  
Ne'er in intensity thy charms decrease,  
Ne'er to the bosom are less eloquent.  
Dartmoor ! again all hail !—to my intent  
Faithful, I hasten to thy morning call,  
Moody as yesternight I from thee went,—  
To 'scape again the world's Egyptian thrall,  
And this thy dreary realm of freedom to extol.

## XII.

Upon the victims of the world's rude strife  
What holy unction Nature's hand doth shed,  
And wing of shelter from the storms of life  
So bleak and ruthless, Solitude outspread !  
What happy cure to those who sick have fled  
The human maze, such scenes as these supply !  
'Tis as a resurrection from the dead,  
To step from forth the sphere of Man, and hie  
Whither may never aught of artifice draw nigh.

## XIII.

Hail, scenes propitious to my purpose, hail !  
So lonesome and to thought so consecrate ;  
Here Truth may dare to tell her serious tale,  
And here Disgust avow the cause of hate,  
And Injury upon her wrongs dilate,  
And Discontent her grievances express ;  
Here on Sincerity no frowns await,  
And holds no fashion Conscience in duress,  
And checks no power the blunt resolve of Manliness.

## XIV.

Out then the truth, unvarnished, plain, and whole,  
And brief in utterance, simple but severe ;  
Ne'er was a scene than this from the control  
Mighty and evil of Life's atmosphere,  
Though e'er so distant, more devoid and clear.  
How libertine the breath of Heaven untaint  
In its unfettered freedom wild breathes here !  
How fragrant to revive the sick and faint,  
And yet how strong to sever habitude's restraint !

## XV.

Anon I sang the ills by interest wrought  
Among the nearest of our nature's ties,  
And challenged any to discover aught  
For which no proof Man's history supplies :  
Before me now a wider circle lies  
Of mischiefs multitudinous and great,  
That from the self-same cause prolific rise ;  
All Earth appears of sin, of ill, one state,  
One vasty fane to Interest (Mammon) consecrate.

## XVI.

What sacrifice is thine, O Idol God !  
What victims on thine altar ever bleed,  
Or at thy footstool, 'neath the iron rod  
To Honesty's unflinching race decreed,—  
The willing victims, infamous indeed,  
Or passive, to be pitied in their wrong !  
Around thine altar without end succeed  
Or these or those, and in continuous throng  
Or to thy temple haste, or are compelled along.

## XVII.

Infatuation all, or wretchedness !  
Mighty to dupe, to hurt thy power immense,  
That thou art great, O Mammon ! all confess  
For all alike feel thine omnipotence ;  
Merit that pines, and harassed Innocence,  
Faith ever tortured that it never fell,  
Apostacy that wins thy recompense,  
Deceit and Folly, t'whom 'tis given to dwell  
High in thy paradise, can all thine influence tell.

## XVIII.

'Tis sad, not strange, that fools should be misled,—  
But ah ! most strange and sad, the sons of Fame,  
Who for Dependency's ungrateful bread  
Exchange the honour of a spotless name,  
For filthy lucre who despise the shame  
(Mental) <sup>(1)</sup> that doth on prostitution tend,  
And for a hireling's pay, the sacred flame  
That should illume the world to falsehood lend,  
And with Corruption's glare their brilliant starlight  
blend !

## XIX.

Would with neglect that Merit were content,  
To adverse fortune Honour ne'er did bow ;  
O, would that Genius' chaplet ne'er were lent  
To deck the Idol's mean contracted brow !  
But how shall Genius, say ! and Virtue how,  
Amid the false magnanimously stern,  
To Truth perform the pure unsullied vow,  
And the attractions of Corruption spurn,—  
When all around to Baal a thousand altars burn ?

## XX.

By looking inwards, onwards, and to God,  
With faith's implicit eye, and not a glance  
Venturing on the temptations which abroad  
Like wantons gay in lewd exciting dance—  
For ever move, from every side advance,  
With winning airs,—although forbid to fly,  
May Genius, Virtue, through this wide expanse  
Of wickedness and folly harmless hie,  
While Falsehood e'en admires their staunch integrity.

## XXI.

But ah ! 'tis sad to tell,—so oft are they  
The victims of Corruption's luring wiles,  
We only pity when they fall away,  
We wonder when they bear the harlot's smiles:  
He whom her fascination ne'er beguiles  
From the stern path of moral rectitude,  
Whose breast her rank pollution ne'er defiles,  
Whose soul turns sickening from her dalliance lewd,  
Is like a wonder of the world, with admiration viewed.



## XXII.

Hail, wonders of the world ! hail, sacred few !  
 From your propriety that never swerved,  
 Whose breasts no variation ever knew,  
 Whose hearts were ne'er by dalliance lewd unserved,  
 Whose onward progress no attraction curved,  
 Whose pole the truth, whose needle faith e'er was,  
 Whose genius as a torch from Heaven served  
 To point the way of those unerring laws  
 Which spring from and which tend to the Eternal  
 Cause !

## XXIII.

—The past tense use I,—wherefore ? reason sad,  
 Most lamentable reason so to do,  
 There is :—for where, oh where, may now be had  
 Examples of the brave illustrious few,  
 Children of Genius never once untrue ?  
 In bygone days there were who firm withstood  
 All worldly overture, most staunchly who  
 Held fast the faith and battled for the good ;  
 We can now be found men of such hardihood ?

## XXIV.

As now and then on the material sphere  
A comet in its course eccentric darts,  
So seldom doth an orb of truth appear  
On the benighted world of human hearts ;  
So seldom in such strange career starts  
An orb of genius in the mental world,  
So seldom from Corruption's sphere departs ;  
But once within the mighty vortex hurled,  
Ever in one perpetual mazy orbit whirled.

## XXV.

Some have been known set off exceeding well,  
And boldly on the unusual track progress ;  
But ah ! anon,—most sorrowful to tell,—  
They left the path of their proud loneliness :—  
And why ? because the golden dreams that press  
Upon the fancy of the minstrel boy,  
The hopes of glory and reward that bless  
The ambitious bosom with prophetic joy,  
Prove meteors of the wild that dazzle to decoy ?

## XXVI.

Behold a bard—I need not tell his name,—<sup>(2)</sup>  
Grey in the service of servility,  
Whose pallid cheek is somewhat tinged with  
shame,—  
With shame indeed it deeply tinged may be :  
A brow more godly ye will seldom see,  
More fair, more lofty, more sublime and grand ;  
Upon its ample arch indelibly  
Is graven by the Almighty Workman's hand—  
Within shall Truth alone, yea none but Truth, command.

## XXVII.

His youth was spent in strange portentous times, <sup>(3)</sup>  
When angel spirits and when spirits cursed,  
Stirred up the world to noble deeds and crimes,  
That all the established course of things reversed.  
A ne'er to be forgot volcano burst,  
And to the heavens upshot a fiery stream  
Which on the earth a flood of light dispersed  
Of such peculiar hue and awful beam,  
That men looked up, and, wondering, thought it was a  
dream !

## XXVIII.

Tremendous times of strange realities !  
Earth shook—kings trembled—states were over-  
turned,  
And Right Divine was thrown upon her knees,  
And cowered before the minions she had spurned :  
The flame fierce of retaliation burned,  
Of anger awful as 'twas right and just ;  
And by its potent fury kings discerned  
That they too may be levelled with the dust,  
And that there is a mean to Power's rabid lust.

## XXIX.

Then did he live, and wonder, and reflect  
On all the rights and all the wrongs of men,  
And many a splendid tower of hope erect  
Upon a base that never was till then,  
And ah ! perhaps may never be again :  
He built his fabric of prophetic good,  
And fondly dreamt he was not dreaming—when  
The storm revulsed,—a deluge came—of blood !—  
The airy bastions fell, and vanished in the flood !

## XXX.

Did he forsake his first, his youthful love,  
The virgin Liberty, when doomed to fly  
The ark of promise, and, like Noah's dove,  
To find no rest beneath the stormy sky?  
Did he forsake her when about to die,  
And then forget that she had once been dear?  
Yea, more—he with the world cried “Crucify,”  
And ingrate, when he knew her fate was near,  
He strove to gore her with Apostacy's fell spear.

## XXXI.

'Twas strange that he should thus a traitor prove  
Who made the virgin fair his all, his Christ;  
The very world, that is not apt to move  
At faithlessness, at this was quite surprised,  
And with its jeer the infidel chastised.  
He gained a monarch's smile, a laureat crown,  
But what was this to one who both despised?  
The fame which he acquired, was such renown,  
Such every boon received, as met his conscience'  
frown.

## XXXII.

Why was he faithless to his first love, say ?  
Because his hopes had all, alas ! proved void ?  
He needed not to fling his heart away,  
Although by phantasies 't had been decoyed ;  
The temple of Humanity destroyed,  
It was for him the lovely wreck to screen,  
Not like a rude barbarian be employed  
In rendering it as though it ne'er had been,  
And be a Goth in act that never bore the mien.

## XXXIII.

In that fair temple's fate, the minstrel found  
Sufficient reason to be infidel,  
And flying from the ruin turned he round,  
And loudly cursed it as to earth it fell :  
Thus Lucifer, pitched headlong down to hell,  
Revolved his blasted glory o'er and o'er,  
And cursed it, too, and—oh ! 'tis shame to tell,—  
The tower of his ambition reared once more,  
While he I sing ne'er strove the building to  
restore.

## XXXIV.

The Apostate turned him to the world, and joined  
The gang of hypocrites, the servile throng  
For whom the gilded smile of Power is coined.  
How strange he looked the fawning crew among!  
His downcast eye proclaimed he knew it wrong,  
His flushing brow told a revolting heart,  
And praise fell dead-born from his stammering  
tongue,  
Yet interest urged him to perform his part,—  
He did so, and was sold at Favour's conscience-mart. (4)

## XXXV.

And now that mind which once so fondly harped  
On themes the noblest, loftiest, and best,  
So by sinister influence is warped,  
As scarce to be with glimpse of glory blest;  
So narrowed now, so bound is that broad chest,  
That once with love of truth did only pant,  
The lowliest flight demands a place of rest;  
And, if it wished to soar, the spirit can't,  
Though wont on sunny peak of Heaven its foot to  
plant.

## XXXVI.

'Tis true that now and then there is a burst  
Of the old feeling, the celestial fire,  
But soon 'tis in the murky wave immersed—  
Corruption's wave,—and born but to expire.  
There is a cadence in that venal lyre  
Of dying liberty, a mournful tone  
Of stifled longing and repressed desire,  
A gust of joy and yet a plaintive moan,  
That doth almost the charge apostacy disown.

## XXXVII.

O thou all sacred fire, sent down from Heaven,  
Our languid, dull, and icy blood to warm,  
Our all-engrossing love of self to leaven  
With universal love !—celestial charm !  
Whose mission is our feeble breasts to arm  
With truth's enduring heavenly armour bright,  
Which rust of worldliness can never harm,—  
Thou coruscation from the fount of light !—  
Wilt thou too fail, and leave us in our hapless plight ?



## XXXVIII.

Angel of light ! like Lucifer shalt thou  
Fall, and thy might against high Heaven invert ?  
Shalt thou to God thy fealty disavow,—  
Yea, that there is no God, no truth assert ?  
In climbing Nature's steep once most alert,  
To indulge in thought most holy and intense,—  
Shalt thou be found not only most inert,  
But striving like the fiend, with toil immense,  
To overthrow the once-loved glorious eminence ?

## XXXIX.

Evangelist of love, sweet Poesy !  
Wilt thou thy Gospel to unfold forbear,  
Because the wicked world looks black on thee,  
And doth thee from thy hallowed purpose dare ?  
Thou camest truth and freedom to declare,  
The will of Heaven most righteous to reveal,  
And dost the insignia of a prophet wear,—  
Surely thou wilt not fear to break the seal,—  
Before an idol thou most surely wilt not kneel !

## XL.

If thou turn traitor—infidel, and dost  
Thy power in service of the false profane,  
Oh then wherein shall human frailty trust,—  
What prop shall, then man's feeble faith sustain ?  
Thou failing—staunchness who will not disdain,—  
Like sand with every wave of fortune shift,—  
Turn to each breath of interest like a vane ?  
Her down-cast brow would Falsehood high uplift,  
The earth of truth, Corruption, like a whirlwind,  
sift.

## XLI.

But so it must not, shall not, cannot be :  
False prophets many, yet not all,—a few,  
Inspired, breathed forth unfailing prophecy ;—  
Bards many false, there have been—will be true ;  
And Poesy, her birth from Heaven that drew,—  
Immortal thence,—howe'er the world assail,  
Unharm'd, undaunted, shall her task pursue :  
'Tis her disciples—she doth never fail,—  
A Judas may betray—but 'gainst her who prevail ?

## XLII.

First 'mong the true, and 'mong the true not least,  
Stand the illustrious Eden-bard of old, <sup>(5)</sup>  
And the sweet lyrist, <sup>(6)</sup> who hath not yet ceased  
To strike the chords, melodious loud and bold;—  
Examples how the true faith to uphold,  
For imitation and not only praise :  
Their names are in the Eternal Page inrolled,  
Wherein once writ, no power of Earth can raze,—  
Seas of corruption cannot quench true fame's bright  
blaze.

## XLIII.

Praise of the Eden-bard how vain to sing !  
'Tis but to name him, and his vast renown  
Bursts on the soul as doth the morning spring  
From the dark billows sudden, showering down  
Brilliance on earth.—The lyrist wears a crown,  
Though less effulgent, bright with heavenly beam,  
Nature her loveliest flowers to have sown,  
To form a chaplet for his brow, would seem.  
The Ariel this, <sup>(7)</sup> the Gabriel that of Truth I deem.

## XLIV.

Neither be thou unmentioned, wondrous one !  
Splendid example of poetic truth !  
Spots there appear upon the golden sun—  
Shall we in them forget its glow forsooth ?  
There was a canker on thy bloom of youth,  
But yet thou hast a look as of the skies ;  
And though disease with keen and constant tooth  
Preyed on thy spirit, did she towering rise  
On eagle-pinion to unrivalled enterprise. (8)

## XLV.

Exception grand of these degenerate days !  
Exception grand of thy degenerate caste !  
In comet travel and in comet blaze  
Thy genius o'er the mental midnight past,  
While the dull common orbs looked quite aghast :  
But soon was ended thy sublime career,  
Thy glorious course for man was ah ! too fast,—  
Ay—and 'twas when thy ray most bright and clear  
Illumed, alas, it sank never to re-appear ! (9)

## XLVI.

To Hope's sweet minstrel is a tribute due,  
To Memory's bard <sup>(10)</sup> a tribute be there paid,—  
Well worthy place among the sacred few,  
More noble ne'er to further Truth essayed :  
In them how full each excellence displayed,  
With naught their beam of genius to obscure !  
In virtue spotless, and in faith most staid,  
In moral dignity high standing sure,  
'Tis their's the dupes to pity of Corruption's lure !

## XLVII.

And 'twixt these several statures of renown  
There's many an intermediate altitude,—  
Yes—joyous truth—from first to last adown  
The glittering line, by me full oft reviewed,  
Of Truth's battalion, that so long hath stood,  
Though small, against the legions of the world,  
Many a bard, with fearless hardihood,  
Though wide Corruption's flaunting flag unfurled,  
Defiance bold hath 'gainst the brow of Falsehood  
hurled.

## XLVIII.

Alas that any should be faithless found !  
If Poesy's immortal band not all  
Unflinchingly maintain their lofty ground,  
'Tis like—'tis certain then will many fall  
That in the mental standard are less tall,  
In panoply of faith less proof arrayed,  
Whom more the arrows of Derision gall,  
Low on the mount of Truth that stand where laid  
Is many a wily plot and lurking ambuscade.

## XLIX.

Ay—and 'tis likely too—nay sure that they  
Who stand with bards on equal eminence,  
Therefrom will just as often fall away,  
And not with less profound a decidence ;—  
Those unto whom, of Nature's wide immense  
Of works, 'tis given to be interpreters,—  
The mystic veil opaque to draw from thence,  
And shew what wonderment beneath occurs,—  
To whom 'tis given (high boon !) to be philosophers.

## L.

The truth, the whole, and nought the truth beside,  
The leading axiom of Philosophy,—  
Will often be foregone—has been denied—  
Foresworn, when boldliest uttered it should be,  
Before the world,—a Peter's perjury,—  
And so, perhaps, by the unfaithful one,  
Where none could witness, wept most bitterly :—  
None can the upbraiding look of Conscience shun,  
Few, very few, can bear, and hardliest Wisdom's  
son.

## LI.

There was a man that—like the morning-star,—  
Child of the dawn, the sun's precursor bright,  
Merging its ray, when bursts he from afar,  
In the broad sheet of his excessive light—  
Broke on, and ushered out the gloomy night  
Of ignorance, and shone till rose the day  
Embodied in one mind,—a glorious sight !  
Till Newton rose did Galileo stay, <sup>(11)</sup>  
Then in the sunny sheen immersed the starry ray.

## LII.

That star shone till the day arose, but not—  
Oh, sad to say!—with an unclouded beam :—  
Think ye those cloudlets should be now forgot,  
Be banished like the shadows of a dream ?  
Pause—nor the case I cite unfitting deem :—  
That star shone brightly till upon the verge  
Of heaven the day-spring, when a dense dark stream  
Of evil thwart it rolled,—the thick black surge  
Of superstition boiled, and roared the sage's dirge.

## LIII.

He was a weak old man, in service hard  
Of Truth worn out, in many a long campaign  
'Gainst Superstition, in continual guard  
Of his advance-posts 'long the lengthy plain  
Claimed by Authority as her domain;—  
Then, in the season of his frailty rose,  
With simultaneous cry, the hellish train  
That in Idolatry's fat sloth repose—  
Oh! what could one so feeble 'gainst such ruthless  
foes?



## LIV.

He trembled—wavered—fell,—exciting more  
The tear of sympathy than wonder's gaze ;  
For in his memory, like a rankling sore,  
Was Bruno's fate,—the faggot and the blaze. (13)  
Not to have fallen had caused the world amaze.  
The cheek of Shame no blush did manifest,  
But Sorrow's eye was dimmed with tearful haze,  
Nor Truth severe the pitying look suppressed,  
'Gainst those who caused the fall, while Anger  
heaved her breast.

## LV.

In intellectual duress, while the sword  
Of Persecution naked o'er his head  
Did by a single hair impend, the word  
Which he had pledged to Truth he forfeited :  
But now that Power's hand less oft is red  
With blood of martyrs, and a wider range  
Is given to Reason, and with bolder tread  
May step Enquiry,—lo !—how passing strange !  
For base commodity do men their faith exchange !

## LVI.

One I could name—nay two—nay three—nay many,  
For mere advantage, who, of worldly weal,  
Compunction none, or seemingly not any,  
In dereliction of their duty feel ;  
Or sly, who from the Ark of Truth did steal,  
And strive, unseen, to mingle in the crowd  
That to the Dagon of Corruption kneel :  
O shame on those, in misdemeanour proud !  
On these, O shame, the skulking, down-faced, bash-  
ful-browed !

## LVII.

There was—of many I could say—there is,  
But shame, respect, affection, bid me hush—  
There was a man—needless to name him 'tis,—  
Whose every act to conscience cried out—tush !  
Nay more—who said, and that without a blush,  
A conscience he could not afford to keep ;  
And with expediency strove to crush  
Virtue's indigenous plants, and with one sweep  
The tendrils fell that round the ruined heart still creep :—

## LVIII.

Tendrils that to our nature's ruins cling  
Like ivy to some age-dismantled tower,  
And odoriferous as the jasmin, fling  
A scent of Paradise, of Eden-flower,  
O'er Sensibility's decaying bower.  
O, it should ever be our tenderest care  
To screen these frail but lovely ones from power  
Of wild sirocs that vex the mental air,—  
Passions, desires, the bosom that at random tear.

## LIX.

He, whom I speak of, wrought most woful wreck  
Among the fairest offspring of the heart,  
Sullied each beauty with a canker-speck,  
And left the worm to do its ruinous part ;  
Debauched the conscience with seductive art,  
The cunning schemes of specious sophistry ;  
The compass broke, of Virtue, burnt the chart,  
And left the soul by mere expediency,  
To track the sea of Time, in wide uncertainty. (13)

## LX.

Oh ! why was this by him who could so well—  
And did anon—the book of Nature read ? <sup>(14)</sup>  
The reason let his own sad maxim tell,—  
It was expedient (thought he)—it was need ;  
As rottenness matures the infant seed,  
And brings it to the fulness of its being,  
So happiness (methinks I hear him plead),  
A plant on Earth exotic all agreeing,  
Needeth, at times, be forced by means most evil  
seeming.

## LXI.

The doctrines which he broached, appear contrived  
As an apology for what he did,  
For 'twas by bending to the world he thrived,  
And keeping well his heart's convictions hid ;  
By uttering not what interest forbid,  
And saying all that interest bade him say :  
But to be doubted 'tis if he got rid  
Of conscience' scruples by his doctrines—nay  
Whether he could their pricking poignancy allay. <sup>(15)</sup>

## LXII.

For O, it goes against the very grain  
For seeming good to do a real ill,  
In conscience doth such stubbornness remain,  
Though e'er so potent the contrary will,  
That it will not let go the truth until  
Quite harassed down into dull apathy :  
Thus he I sing shews by his cunning skill  
In subterfuge, his constant sophistry,  
That from the truth he never could his conscience  
free.

## LXIII.

Behold ye then the false philosopher !  
And in the same regard—oh hateful sight !—  
The occasion-serving priest, that no demur  
Makes to Authority his faith to plight,  
Although in face of what his heart deems right !  
Worshipped he God in the accustomed mode—  
Or wright or wrong—most plainly in despite  
Of his mind's dictate,—he was forced to goad  
His practice on the public way, the King's high-  
road. (16)

## LXIV.

Oh, worse than all, and most to be deplored,  
As fault the foulest of degenerate man,  
That the Eternal, who should be adored  
In truth and spirit,—he whose bounteous plan  
Now runs as well as heretofore it ran  
Its grand perennial round of circulation,—  
To whom should mortals choicest thing they can  
Present in grateful and sincere oblation,—  
Is worshipped with a lie and gross abomination !

## LXV.

If every heart be not the fittest fane  
Singly wherein for each to officiate,  
And less regard of Heaven the oblation gain  
By priestly rite that was not consecrate,—  
If those in secrecy who humbly wait  
On the paternal God, nor offering bring  
Costly and rare in ceremonial state,  
But only fruits that from the bosom spring,  
In manner best yield not most acceptable thing :—

## LXVI.

If, as 'tis in the book of Custom wrote,  
There needs must be high places set apart,  
And men elect, peculiar and devote,  
A tribe Levitic for the sacred art  
Of ritual worship,—if man's wayward heart  
But for appointed form and place and time,  
Seldom or ne'er the heavenward look would dart,  
Seldom or ne'er the heavenward path would climb,  
Sure priests should stand on moral eminence sublime.

## LXVII.

Their upturned brows the holy looks should bear  
Of piety and single-mindedness,  
Nor other form the countenance should wear,  
Than doth the features of the heart express :  
The garb of sanctity should be the dress  
Characteristic of sincerity,  
Nor while the outer-seeming utters Yes,  
Should conscience, though to men inaudibly,  
Within say No, in her secluded privacy.

## LXVIII.

Ah me ! I fear since first that men began  
To mingle the divine and secular ;  
To think that little of herself Truth can,  
And needs must ride in Power's pompous car ;  
To deem that those not less than madmen are  
Who without scrip, purse, staff, undaunted go  
Amid an hostile world,—that fewer far,  
Exceeding few, with faith's full ardour glow,  
And naught to Mammon yield of that to God they  
owe. (17)

## LXIX.

Alas ! alas ! the office of a priest  
Is a bright bauble in the lustful eye  
Of Avarice, a dainty in the feast  
Of the world's good things, which the rich espy  
And claim as their peculiar luxury,—  
For which most eager strive the indigent,  
And every stratagem unhallowed try  
That shamelessness can bear or craft invent,  
Right deeming all they do because expedient !



## LXX.

O'er Faith Hypocrisy reigns paramount,  
 While filthy Lust takes place of holy Zeal,  
 Interest is all and Worth of no account,  
 Power doth to Sycophance her favours deal,  
 While Honesty doth but her anger feel ;  
 Corruption wins where only Truth should rule,  
 Makes Conscience with her wily influence reel,  
 Entices Virtue to her artful school,  
 And with sophistic craft turns Reason to a fool.

## LXXI.

Since philosophic truth but little check  
 Doth now receive from Power's jealous hand,—  
 Since Power but only doth opinions reck  
 When bold against its own abuse they stand,  
 And let's them Nature's general realm command,  
 Reserving only certain mystic tracts ;  
 Since naught is gained by quenching the bright  
                   brand  
 Which is to light to undiscovered facts,  
 Wisdom less often blushes for her children's acts.

## LXXII.

But ah ! what multitudinous infamy  
Of her abandoned children mantles o'er  
Religion's brow of solemn sanctity  
With crimson blush, and to the very core  
Rives her maternal heart with anguish sore !  
With looks of fond approval doth she smile  
Rare as with glimpse of Spring this barren moor ;  
As rare alas ! is heart devoid of guile  
As o'er this ocean wide of wilderness—green isle !

## LXXIII.

Alas so many false—faithful so few !  
But O ! what title to undying fame  
Have they amid the many faithless true,—  
To be admired, what peremptory claim !  
The world admire—the more unto their shame,—  
Yet nor reward nor cheer,—nay persecute  
Those whose resolve their influence cannot tame,  
Who bold Authority's decrees dispute,  
And whom the silver tongue of Favour can't refute.

## LXXIV.

Some priests there are, who in the accustomed mode  
Are wont to minister, sincere, devout ;  
Who conscientious keep the beaten road,  
Nor the propriety of custom doubt,  
And blameless are, however wrong their rout,  
Since acting only as they righteous deem :  
Such there are some, who in conviction stout  
Maintain their path uncheered by fortune's beam,  
Whose zeal repels the chill of poverty's cold stream :

## LXXV.

Who see around them others that less strict  
In punctuality of duty are—  
Nay, myriads whom their conduct doth depict  
Not only to be less deserving far,  
But quite unworthy,—rise beneath the star  
Partial of destiny to high estate ;—  
Find such their hopes, their wishes ever mar,  
And yet hold on in spite of adverse fate,  
And for the resurrection of the just await. (18)

## LXXVI.

Such men admire we as of common mould,  
Who on the usual path unwavering plod—  
But O! how much more they, who brave and bold  
Dare leave the accustomed way so plain and broad,  
And venture on some narrow path untrod,  
Which they deem right and most doth heavenward  
tend ;  
Heedless of anguish, pleasure, fashion, fraud,  
Unto the right or left who never bend,  
But in conviction hold straightforward to the end.

## LXXVII.

Some such, though few, there are—behold ye one !  
Both priest and sage, a most illustrious man,  
Who the career that all men ought to run,  
Constant from youth to age incessant ran ;  
Who in the march of Freedom took the van,  
And strong and daring pioneered a way  
Through the thick waste of Prejudice, though ban  
Of almost general suffrage 'gainst him lay,  
And veteran opinions in compact array.

## LXXVIII.

Eccentric from the first did he diverge  
From things established, and with reason probe  
What had been sacred deemed, and boldly urge  
His scrutiny into the darkest lobe  
Both of the mental and material globe,  
And strive each hidden secret to unveil,  
And each deceptious mystery to unrobe;  
O'er unknown seas antarctic did he sail  
With few to bid God-speed, or his return to hail.

## LXXIX.

But yet his fame arose—and then anon  
A generous man of high patrician birth  
The blaze of his proud patronage upon  
The bold Adventurer threw, knowing his worth  
So precious 'mid the philosophic dearth :  
But on the sage and not on the divine,  
The investigator of material earth,  
Not him who strove the mystic depths to mine  
Of moral circumstance, did Favour fondly shine.

## LXXX.

Time came—the changeful orb of Fortune waned,  
And once again alone, unpatronised,  
Save that a friendly circlet still remained  
And noble's bounty still his merits prized,  
The sage stood forth,—all plain and undisguised,  
But unto Truth, freed from all deference,  
As if all worldly countenance he despised ;  
Declaring age nor custom could dispense—  
That nothing sacred was from reason's subtle  
sense.

## LXXXI.

Then bold attacked he all that was not based  
On Truth's broad adamantine principle,  
Delusion to her inmost fortress traced,  
And bastions shook were deemed impregnable ;  
Away like fairy-wreathed icicle  
Beneath the sun, or vapour in the blast,  
Did he as with almighty-worded spell  
Dissolve Idolatry's proud temple vast,  
And to the earth the mutilated god down-cast.

## LXXXII.

It was the time I spoke of heretofore  
When Revolution reared her awful head,  
And Despotism, as though her reign was o'er,  
Paled—trembled—fell,—and seemed a moment  
    dead :  
Freedom upspringing from the iron bed  
Of her dejection, hailed was with the shout  
Of thousands jubilant that felt no dread ;  
Quite unappalled by Power's lynx-eyed scout,  
In loud all-hail Timidity itself broke out.

## LXXXIII.

As well might be from one in adverse hour  
Who clung to Freedom with such fond embrace,  
Nay, strove to rend away the bonds of Power  
That held her fast in sorrow and disgrace,—  
At length when she with proud indignant pace  
Triumphant stalked amid her falling foes,  
From him I sing, and with the foremost place  
Among her partizans, great welcome rose,—  
But ah ! for him henceforth how many bitter woes !

## LXXXIV.

Long had the world before, from ignorance  
Or other cause and criminal, now and then,  
Upon the brave man cast its jealous glance,  
As fearful of his deep and subtle ken :  
Ay—when he grasped his controversial pen  
Authority did quake, and Custom shrink,  
And Fiction gasp ;—so did they now again ;  
But, rallying, roused the many that ne'er think,  
Beneath their force combined the daring sage to sink.

## LXXXV.

Alas ! and well nigh did achieve their aim :  
As wolves the lamb, right eager hunted they  
On persecution's restless foot their game :  
Harassed, he held his inoffensive way  
All faint and weary, yet forbid to stay ;  
Close at his heels the miscreant pack did rave,  
Loud at the odour of his fame did bay ;  
He fled and fled—'twas vain their ire to brave,  
Nor paused till wafted o'er the wide Atlantic wave !



## LXXXVI.

Nor there,—so libellous Report sometimes,—  
Although quite way-worn, for a while found rest.  
Ah, miserable man ! what were the crimes  
Whose rumour travelled to the distant West,  
And 'gainst the pilgrim closed her gracious breast?  
None—none, unless sincere opinions be,  
Before the thoughtless, faithless world expressed  
In simple truth and open honesty,—  
If such be crimes, a guilty man indeed was he !

## LXXXVII.

Opinion in the mind is like the star  
That high in heaven, above the petty sphere  
Of earthly power, exalted beams afar,—  
No hand can reach, no might can make it veer;  
Once formed, convictions are quite proof to fear,  
And quite beyond the compass of the will ;  
Obnoxious, therefore, as they may appear,  
As necessary must be borne with, till  
Volition all the functions of the mind fulfil.

## LXXXVIII.

The martyr of opinion for awhile  
E'en in the land where thought is free as air,  
Molested was as in his native isle,  
And almost seemed a refuge to despair,  
Until a man, of moral prowess rare,  
And in authority, the ample shield  
Presented of his influential care ;  
Abashed her prey did Persecution yield,  
But left the sage with wounds no time, no balsam  
healed. (19)

## LXXXIX.

There was a proof of what Corruption can,  
Her cunning scarcely to her malice next,  
By means of Ignorance, against a man  
Who will not keep to Custom's bible-text.  
By lucre tempted and derision vexed,  
Worried by bigotry, traduced by fame,  
'Twixt certain shame and wretchedness perplexed,  
Such is the fate of all who dare lay claim  
To independent thought, and exercise the same !

## XC.

—The fate of all?—Oh no—there is a land  
Far in the West, against whose vasty shore  
The Atlantic waves, majestic, awful, grand,  
Tremendous beat with everlasting roar,  
Where Reason dreads the lash of Power no more  
Opinion ne'er to Superstition bows;  
But men sincere what they deem God adore,  
What they deem Truth without demur espouse,  
And wear an index of their souls upon their brows.

## XCI.

Land of the free, all hail! unrivalled realm,  
The happy Araby of Earth's wide waste,  
Where calm oblivion doth all sorrow whelm,  
The opiate balm of rest where troubles taste;  
Where on the Rock of Ages broadly based  
Hath Liberty upreared her brazen towers;  
Where Happiness her Eden-bower hath placed  
Of fadeless plants and amaranthine flowers,  
And Hope presents a sky serene that never lowers!

## XCII.

Alas, so broad a main should roll between  
The realms of freedom and of slavery,—  
Would some exclaim ; and yet 'tis well, I ween ;  
What would that land but for that ocean be ?  
'Tis the wide gulf secures its liberty.  
Would tyrants, in their jealousy, refrain  
That they do here, but for that mighty sea ?  
O look on France, and Italy, and Spain,  
And bid for ever roll the broad Atlantic main !

## XCIII.

But much is yet to sing, O muse !—then on,  
In thy career so gloomy and so sad,  
With glimpse of joy yet ever and anon  
Alleviated,—for though much the bad  
As sand of ocean, good is to be had,  
Though rare almost as gems from ocean's caves :  
One seldom jewel makes the diver glad,  
Though oft in vain he dared the gloomy waves ;  
So I rejoice in one who as he ought behaves.

## XCIV.

The poet, sage, and priest have been reviewed ;  
With deeply melancholic tint the scene,  
And shade profound unnatural was imbued :  
The clear bright spots were few and far between,  
Like stars through storm-clouds dun that intervene :  
Awaits us now a prospect not less dark  
And dismal,—nay, with spots of sunny sheen  
Abounding less, in sorrow to remark,—  
’Tis midnight black with scarcely e’en a meteor’s  
spark.

## XCV.

But stay, my muse, and for a moment glance  
On a dull dingy region thou hast missed,—  
The general tract, the popular expanse :  
The highlands of the mental world so trist  
Hast thou but only yet remarked ; thine is’t  
Rapid the whole scene to review, though chief  
The prominences that therein exist :  
Look down around then, but the gaze be brief—  
Lo what a boundless realm of gloom without relief !

## XCVI.

And dark it well may be—the lowly plain  
Must needs be lightless when the very peaks  
Of the tall mountains capt with night remain ;  
No ray of morn the distant Orient streaks,—  
Realm of the wise,—no dawn of light then breaks  
Upon the darksome Occident profound :  
Ah ! vain his toil for honesty who seeks,  
When they who should its character expound  
In word and act, in reckless infamy abound !

## XCVII.

The crowds of common life, from the most rude  
Of the dull-thoughted labourers of the field,  
Up to the craftiest of the keen-eyed brood  
Which Commerce in such fruitfulness doth yield,—  
To him who doth the rod of empires wield,  
The son of Israel cent-omnipotent, <sup>(20)</sup>  
Who lends to kings, not from them seeks a shield,  
Of gold his ample ægis doth present,—  
All to the same dark bourn on some dark course are  
bent.

## XCVIII.

The noble from his haughty empyrean  
Stoops and doth on a par contented stand  
Of principle with the most base plebeian,  
And scruples not to soil his dainty hand  
In traffic—nay, in traffic contraband  
Of place and pension and the rights of men ;  
And strives with his vast influence to command  
The market ; <sup>(21)</sup> and alas ! but now and then  
Of his vile object fails—fails he alas ! O when ?

## XCIX.

No : hat in hand—nay, soul in hand, behold  
Before the man of power what myriads bend,  
Their shameless foreheads labelled—to be sold ;  
Rival, their service to corruption tend,  
Themselves obtrusive to vile purpose lend :  
E'en those whom wont it was to find most stern,  
Inflexible who had no other end  
Than conscience pointed, shift and twist and turn <sup>(22)</sup>  
Wherever aught there is by any means to earn.

## C.

Shew me a brow stamped with sincerity  
In them who own, in them who till the soil,  
From the most careless child of Luxury  
To the most anxious of the sons of Toil,  
Those who in ease of affluence, or turmoil  
Of business spend the pittance of their time,—  
Shew me who conscientiously recoil  
From the world's practices, and think that crime  
Which almost all deem right, nor will with custom  
chime ?

## CI.

Alas ! alas ! for such in vain almost  
Amid the vasty multitude we look ;  
If they exist, 'tis need they must be lost  
Like glow-worm's taper pale, in grassy nook  
Secluded lit, when Night abroad hath shook  
O'er all the earth her sable mantle dense :  
The fen-fire of deceit may be mistook  
For the pure beam of truth and innocence,  
But other light breaks not the perobscure immense.



## CII.

Particularity were vain just now,  
So all notorious that which I declare  
And universal, e'en the staunchest bow  
And somewhat in the shame the noblest share;  
'Tis said in self-defence the arms they bear  
Of worldliness with worldlings to compete,  
And use vile means to work a purpose fair,—  
That armory of truth is incomplete,  
And they who war therewith are certain of defeat.

## CIII.

O ye sincere, well-meaning simple ones,  
Who think by evil to accomplish good,  
Ye with the world who compromise, that runs  
Counter to all that, unobstructed, would  
Effect what Heaven intended that it should,  
Who tamper with corruption and with shame  
Openly, though for purpose understood,—  
Know ye that Truth from the Eternal came  
With ample power, nor thus to aid her longer aim !

## CIV.

In all ye do, what kind soe'er your deed,  
Commercial or political, reflect,  
Nor thwart the vivid feelings that succeed  
As ye the sequences of things inspect,  
And which the course ye should pursue direct ;  
'Tis that ye cease to do as they dictate,  
Truth seems to fail so often of effect ;  
Let Truth to her own energies innate,  
And the event in pious confidence await.

## CV.

Your schemes, though ever so well meant, are chains  
And trammels to her motion free and bold ;  
To go with mean expedience she disdains,  
She cannot thrive with timorous caution cold ;  
Where courage is, doth she abroad unfold  
Her glorious standard, her credentials show,  
All wrought in symbol bright of burnished gold,  
And stamped with seal of the Most High ;—then lo,  
How rapid her career that elsewhere is so slow !

## CVI.

Bare Truth is like the sun when no cloud veils  
His loveliness, or comes athwart his power,  
And but when crossed by worldly wisdom fails—  
Fails? Yes, but not out right;—as shadows lower  
On the material sphere their gloomy hour,  
And then there's sunshine luminous as aye;  
So Truth, the mental sun, that ought to shower  
Light, life, and beauty in eternal day,  
Though marred now, will beam in pure effulgent ray.

## CVII.

Yes—let the world do what it will—at length  
Truth will step forth, and mar all adverse might,  
Like Sampson gain the plenitude of strength  
And put her myriad enemies to flight:  
God spake omnipotent, and there was light;  
So Truth, God's representative to man,  
Shall speak anon, and all be clear and bright:  
She must prevail, before her awful ban  
Authority shall bow, Craft own she nothing can.

## CVIII.

Lovers of Truth ! begin and dare to say  
And do that which your consciences approve,  
The natural impulse never disobey,  
Much as it from expediency behoove,—  
Nay tis expedient ever so to move,  
As long experience shews—but cease this strain,  
O muse ! nor on this subject of thy love,  
Truth all divine, longer enwrapt remain,—  
Up to thy dismal task, sing the sad lay again !

## CIX.

—The man behold, for whom 'tis to unravel  
The deep intricacies of human law,  
With reason to defeat dishonest cavil,  
With skill the fact from stubbornness to draw,—  
Soldier of Justice, who, unchecked by awe  
Of Power, unmoved by Lucre's overture,  
The right should aye from Avarice' tiger-claw  
And from the vengeful bolt of Might secure,  
And firm in holy cause 'gainst all the world endure.

## CX.

Alas ! how often a mere mercenary,  
A hireling base, the slave of filthy gain,  
Despotic Favour's fawning tributary,  
Who should all smile but that of Heaven disdain,  
And Truth unto extremity maintain !  
What myriads wear the garb of Justice, who  
Did ne'er the oppressor for his crime arraign,  
And to defend the weak the sword ne'er drew ;  
But for the great and wrong aye did all they could do !

## CXI.

Whom shall I name from first to last among  
The many in the ample page inrolled,  
Of those who live, or those o'er whom is flung  
The Grave's dark mantle dense, the sons of old ?  
A long and mournful tale were to be told ;  
I might begin with him—alas !—my story—  
Whose fame is cut in characters of gold  
On adamant in everlasting glory,—  
Ah yes, Philosophy ! thy reverend father hoary ! (23)

## CXII.

He failing in his fealty unto Truth,  
Her best-beloved disciple, and the prime  
That fostered Science in her early youth,—  
He, whose vast mind, in altitude sublime,  
Stalked forward far beyond the pace of Time,  
And did the world with its bold progress fright,—  
That with the venal fashion he should chime,  
For smile of Royalty his conscience plight,  
Would almost cause to doubt if any one upright.

## CXIII.

Scarce one indeed, but one upright as yet,  
There is,—and oh that he may never fall !  
Behold the man, his soul who hath not let  
To worldly end, nor listened to the call  
Frequent and loud of Interest, but of all,  
Save Duty's summons, heedless gone his way,  
Nor fainting, wavering, once approached the wall  
Of 'vantage high by Favour built to stay  
The weak in faith, and that doth so convenient  
lay.

## CXIV.

His mind is as his faith, exceeding rare,  
Mighty Corruption's bulky frame to grasp,  
And deadly combat resolute to dare :  
Oft hath he seized the monster in his clasp,  
And made her wince and writhe and groan and  
gasp ;  
And rare though now he dares such desperate deed,  
His every word to her is like an asp,  
A stab that makes her very vitals bleed,  
And such as of but few to slay her there were need.

## CXV.

A glorious engine hast thou raised, great man !  
A catapult almighty in its swing,  
'Gainst which the staunchest bulwarks nothing can  
That from the base of falsehood bold upspring ;  
'Tis Thought tremendous on its awful wing,  
Destructive to the strongholds of Delusion,  
Whose fall e'en now 'gins make the welkin ring,  
And fill the gaping tenants with confusion,  
And shall anon in ruin make one vast conclusion.

## CXVI.

Beside thy doings for humanity,  
So great and almost beyond parallel,  
Most bravely once the cause of injury,  
If not of innocence (for who can tell ?).  
Didst thou maintain (24)—let history say how well :  
Of thy resolve I speak, thy manfulness,  
No lure could stagger, and no power dispel  
Thy righteous purpose, nothing make digress,  
Where few would dare approach didst thou courageous  
press !

## CXVII.

Illustrious one ! what hath the world done for thee,  
In recognition of thy noble feats ?  
Naught ! and it never will—it doth abhor thee,  
That thou dost spurn the allurements of the sweets—  
Forbidden fruit—with which Temptation greets  
On either side the path of Rectitude ;  
Thy due reward the undeserving meets,  
*The base, the false, the mean, the wretch imbued*  
With deepest infamy—Corruption's pander lewd !



## CXXII.

E'er and anon tis true that to the gust  
Of equinoctial breeze's furious ire,  
Some bulky rock, though proof to time's keen rust,  
And round whose brow hath danced the lightning's  
fire,  
Yields, and in many a wild impetuous gyre  
Whirring, adown the bluff steep rends its path,  
And plunges deep into the fenny mire ;—  
So, and as rare almost, abuse yet hath,  
Yielded some fragment to this fierce assailant's wrath.

## CXXIII.

From youth to age hath he made Truth his liege,  
From youth to age, a reverend, good old age,  
Been occupied in one continuous siege  
Of Falsehood's fortress, and e'en now doth wage  
A war, in such, though youthful, few engage :  
Wide through the total world his fame hath spread,  
His enterprise far fills the historic page ;  
A wreath of glory decks his noble head,  
Whereon each day shall tint of livelier lustre shed.

## CXXIV.

Yes—every day shall bring thee fresh renown,  
For thy successes, though as yet but few  
Thy daring aim and grand endeavour crown,  
Big in the Future's womb, though dark, we view;  
Thou hast done that whence shall anon ensue  
Prodigious innovations on the earth;  
Long shall Authority thy courage rue,  
Delusion long bemoan thy valorous worth,  
And Superstition curse the day that gave thee birth.

## CXXV.

The time shall come thy native land ingrate  
That scarcely now will own thee as her son,  
Though of thy birth-place envious many a state,—  
Shall own thy title, unexampled one!  
To highest honour, and the injustice done,  
Like ancient Athens, strive to expiate—  
By tribute rare in general union;  
And from extreme neglect to utmost height  
Of admiration, in maternal pride, translate.

## CXXVI.

O that I could with an eternal pen,  
In ink that would the damp of age outhold,  
On the poetic page, of those two men  
Illustrious, of whom I but now told,  
The praise inscribe in letters fair and bold ; (20)  
So wondrous wise, of honesty so rare,  
Jewels of genius set in truth's pure gold,  
Amid the false and foul for ever fair,  
In heavenly ray serene almost beyond compare.

## CXXVII.

But on, my muse ! nor longer on the ground  
So fair and sunny of these worthies stay,  
To see yet much remaining : turn thee round,  
And what thou next observest briefly say.—  
The warrior, lo ! bedecked in bright array  
Of dazzling arms and martial splendour proud ;  
Beneath the gorgeous banner's broad display,  
To trumpet-blast he moves, and music loud,  
In pompous pageant gay, the wonder of the crowd !

## CXXVIII.

Bright is the warrior's steel—but is his breast  
With panoply of truth and honour bright ?  
Alas ! it must by all be now confest  
The patriot soldier is a rare—rare sight ;  
So many gainful, luring things invite,  
That soldiership has grown a very trade :  
Who only now bears arms to uphold the right ?  
For justice mere who would unsheathe his blade—  
To overthrow the despot, the oppressed to aid ?

## CXXIX.

True—some there are whose breasts are like their  
steel,  
But few indeed, and mostly grey in age :  
Oh shame ! the many purchase, sell, and deal  
In martial place, in merchandize engage  
Of what should ever be worth's heritage :  
Wealth carries all, and with presumptuous port  
The sons of dalliance lord it on the stage  
Of primrose peace, or in a gaudy court,  
Like mailed butterflies their antics proudly sport.

## CXXX.

While they anon who bore the brunt of war,  
Fought, bled, and conquered for their country's glory,  
Left in the freshness of their laurels are  
To grow in indigence and sorrow hoary,  
To learn how vain is fame, how transitory,  
When interest with merit is not blent,—  
Deep scars sole tokens of their battle-story,  
And seldom pensions mean : with anguish spent,  
They die, or worse, to live 'neath upstarts are content.

## CXXXI.

But few can bear the pinch of penury,  
And listless linger on in want and wo,  
Into the chilly lap of Apathy  
Few can their sorrows and their fortunes throw ;  
On grief's dark sky the star of hope will glow,  
And o'er the bosom have its genial sway ;  
Though e'er so hapless, will misfortune go,  
Where breaks the heaven-glimpse, blithe her adverse  
way,  
Neglect will still hold on beneath the cheery ray.

## CXXXII.

Oh ! I have seen a man of noble mind,  
Of thought most mighty, nor less generous heart,  
For grand achievements and high place designed,  
In all the tactics skilled of War's dread art,  
Fit in the direful game for signal part,—  
Left far behind in fortune by a throng  
Of fops and fools long after that did start,  
But on the stilts of interest stalked along,—  
Oh ! I have seen him follow while he wept his wrong.

## CXXXIII.

Some I have known (how few ! ) too justly proud  
To follow after, and their wrong lament,  
In baken honour firm, who never bowed  
To partial Fate, and never were content  
To shape their course as she capricious bent ;  
Who scorned to see the interest-winged train  
Of undeserving ones that by them went,  
And in their righteous anger and disdain  
From fortune's wake turned to the world's wide main.

## CXXXIV.

Begin, ye brave ! consider and be wise,  
War is the game of fools, or worse than fools,  
Of hateful despots who the holy ties  
Of social being, and the sacred rules  
Wherein the common teacher, Nature, schools,  
Break in their lust and ire and tyranny ;  
And ye are but their searing-irons, their tools,  
Of torturing—yea more, the victims, ye,  
Of their mad fury blind and reckless cruelty, (27)

## CXXXV.

For what contend ye—loyalty, or glory ?  
Glory's a phantom dancing on the grave,  
Whose luring beck leads to a death-couch gory  
Or triumph unavailing to the brave,  
Since what they merit Favour's minions have.  
What's loyalty unless to Truth divine ?  
The base and grovelling homage of the slave,—  
A mighty spell that fiction, craft combine  
Around the foolish heart romantic to entwine,

## CXVXVI.

Cease, native brave,—O cease to be the slaves  
Of regal folly and caprice and passion,  
Be not the dupes of calculating knaves,  
Your minds nor to the will of madmen fashion,  
Your birth-right, freedom, for a daily ration,  
A mess of pottage, sell not, but be free  
To think and act, nor longer madly dash on  
Where glory becks or urges loyalty,—  
A wild enchantment this, and that a phantasy !

## CXXVXVII.

I weep the well-intentioned brave man's wrong,  
And scorn to see the undeserving few  
Engrossing what to worth should aye belong—  
The rank and honours unto bravery due :  
But more than this I scorn, far more I rue  
T' observe the soldier of high-towering mind  
All reckless quite in blood his hands imbrue  
T' uphold corruption, to enslave mankind,  
That so he may the crown of his ambition find.



## CXXXVIII.

How dreadful War ! all wretchedness and ruin,  
Of Death the glory, as of Life the curse,  
Ten thousand evils thence to man accruing,  
The good but ill, the conquest-car a hearse,  
Victory little other than reverse !  
Yet how exult we in a William Tell,  
A Washington, a Lafayette, and nurse  
Their memories fondly ; but indignant swell  
At those who war for gain,—their might to tyrants sell !

## CXXXIX.

That such there is—nay, many are, look round,  
The modern annals of the world survey,  
The odious truth is but too quickly found :  
Conspicuous in the but now ended fray  
With which all Europe rang, the bloody play  
Upon civilization's fairest stage,  
When despots old contended for their sway  
With people that did 'gainst their trammels rage,  
How many mighty on the wrong side did engage !

## CXL.

—Many for whom it was to turn their power  
Against the oppressor, not against the oppressed;—  
Which done, that it had been in evil hour  
For Tyranny, will be by all confest ;  
One tug unanimous, her iron-crest  
Had in the dust been felled, to rise no more,  
And Man with liberty been ever blest :  
Ah ! soon the season of success was o'er,  
A grand occasion lost as never was before.

## CXLI.

There was a man who might have done great things  
For Britain, Europe—ay, for all the world,  
Who might have curbed the power of upstart kings,  
If not each tyrant to destruction hurled : (28)  
But ah ! though Freedom's flag was wide unfurled,  
And far and near Truth's glorious summons rose,  
The partizan of Power, he furious whirled  
His total might against Corruption's foes,—  
With what success full well each groaning nation  
knows !

## CXLII.

What hath he gained? all that the world can give—  
High place and wealth enormous,—and a name,—  
Yes, and a name that shall for ever live—  
Not in the memory of illustrious fame,  
But in the notoriety of shame.  
His name shall on the Historic page be seen,  
Yet not in virtue's bright and golden flame, (29)  
No—in such blazonry as best had been  
Buried beneath oblivion's most impervious screen.

## CXLIII.

O Warrior! not for thee is glory's crown  
Of never-dimming gold, and the sweet ~~mead~~  
Of self-approval, but a curse, a frown  
From millions whom, perhaps, thou might'st have  
freed,  
And made to bless and call thee great indeed;  
Thou hast propped up and prospered by abuse;  
That thou didst prop for thine own gain is need,  
Cause adequate must the effect produce,  
And so thy deeds alike and motives want excuse.

## CXLIV.

Others there were as venal quite as thou,  
But thou the arch-pander wast of infamy ;  
And others would I fear again e'en now—  
If tyrants were in like extremity—  
As active prove in their subserviency :—  
Far distant be the day e'er Freedom bares  
His arm by force to pull down Tyranny ;  
Force may meet force, but truth all force outwears,—  
Then be't with Truth that Freedom his opponents  
dares!

## CXLV.

In poet-fancy seems it that anon  
His standard Freedom all abroad revealed—  
So long upfurled,—girded his armour on,  
And did on high his flaming faulchion wield,  
Daring his foemen to the battle-field :  
Hosts upon hosts o'erwhelming came they round ;  
Hardly he fought, yet was compelled to yield,—  
His sword-arm lost,—and had in chains been bound  
But deemed they he no more in combat could be  
found.

## CXLVI.

Nor longer now his foes doth Freedom meet  
 With equal weapon; bloodless by his side  
 Depends the sword; but lie on rapid feet  
 Through all the nations ranges far and wide,  
 And bids the people—think; great fears betide  
 Where force was futile,—tremblings naught can  
     quell;  
 Despots would crush, but dare not in their pride,  
 That voice, whose very whisper is their knell,  
 For ah! the people love its gospel sound too well.

## CXLVII.

But cease, my muse! this strain may scarce be true,  
 Though all too certain 'tis that Freedom fell;  
 Pause not to query, but thy task pursue,  
 And what thou next observest briefly tell:—  
 The statesman lo!—thou should'st remark him well,  
 For lofty station doth he occupy;  
 The nation's helm he holds, and through the swell  
 Of many waters with experienced eye  
 And steady arm, 'tis his to make the vessel lie.

## CXLVIII.

Honour, true sterling honour, ought to be  
The chart and compass by the which to steer,  
And never ought short-sight expediency,  
Good momentary and advantage mere,  
Cause from the heaven-directed track to veer :  
'Twill aye be found, in ultimate event,  
So steering makes most prosperous career,—  
That Interest grossly doth misrepresent,  
And never fails to lead to final discontent.

## CXLIX.

What is expediency? an idiot's dream,  
A drunkard's judgment in his torpor reeling,  
A maniac's wisdom 'neath the moon's pale beam,—  
Unless when sanctioned by the vivid feeling  
Within the soul implanted, ever sealing  
With stamp of good or evil every act,  
And thus Heaven's high and righteous will reveal-  
ing ;  
A full obedience striving to exact  
By anger or approval that doth ne'er retract.

## CL.

To make the distant near, the minute large,  
Of reason aid though oft this feeling need,  
Reason can never the stern spy discharge,  
Can ne'er avoid oft as it wills indeed :  
By Heaven how wisely was it thus decreed  
That man whose reason is unto his will  
So oft the means of ill, should ne'er be freed  
From vivid disapproval of that ill,—  
No maze sophistic winds but conscience tracks him  
still.

## CLI.

Thus 'tis with man the individual,  
And thus with social man it must be too ;  
Of individual conscience, national  
Consists, and governments can nothing do  
Of right unless to moral feeling true,  
Unless to moral feeling false, of wrong :  
A vivid approbation will accrue  
Of every act, or disapproval strong ;—  
'Tis thus in every state the sons of Earth among.

## CLII.

But where—O where is he, the statesman, that  
By moral compass doth his bark direct,  
Nor brings to in his course of duty at  
The call of Interest, nor doth deflect  
Though variation vantage may connect ?  
None can be found ; there's none who would not  
dash—  
Though by his force some other bark were wrecked—  
At chance of gain, in avarice almost rash,  
And if successful, laugh exulting in the crash. (30)

## CLIII.

Nay more—where is the man that doth not wield  
The helm of power to suit his private lust,  
And make his country's to the interest yield  
Of tyranny, and quite abuse his trust ?  
Who doth not sinister design incrust  
With fair pretension—treachery hid in smiles—  
Poison in fruit—a serpent in the dust ;—  
Laying unhallowed schemes in secret wiles  
While seeming candour the unthinking world beguiles.



## CLIV.

Observe ye him that men a patriot call,  
And scrutinize some great unusual deed,  
That in external seemeth fair to all ;  
The motive search with more than common heed—  
The final cause, the stamen and the seed,  
Whence sprung the effect, the plant so fair did  
grow,—  
The inner tablet of the bosom read,—  
The silken envelope remove,—and lo!  
All is not gold that brightly glittering seemed so.

## CLV.

There have been patriots, it is true, and are,  
Who spent and spend their lives in long campaign  
Against Abuse, striving the schemes to mar  
Of Power, and proud ascendancy to gain ;  
Statesmen there have been, there perhaps remain,  
Acting at times as moral truth dictates,  
Who from occasion did and do abstain  
Of private weal injurious to the state's,—  
But ah ! of such how rare the historic page relates !

## CLVI.

A statesman late there was of noble bearing,  
With precious gift of genius rare endowed !  
Yet strange ! his look, though full of lofty daring,  
Seemed yet to say he had to Favour bowed ;  
As though he through Corruption's fawning crowd  
Had struggled on in the accustomed way,  
And now, like star emerging from a cloud,  
In splendour of his virtues' native ray  
Appeared with scarce a shade to dull the bright  
display.

## CLVII.

But ah ! he died unto his country's sorrow—  
Died in the hey day of expectancy ;  
Scarce did his virtues bid the world good morrow,  
Before—alas !—they bid the long good-bye :  
Still like the star upon the clear blue sky  
From cloud emerging—but to shew its beam,  
Through night's dark lash to dart its brilliant eye,  
To flash awhile and set ; the Boreal gleam,  
Or bright transcendant fleeting beauty of a dream !

## CLVIII.

He died—and died he by a death not due him,  
Martyr of principle unwavering,  
Victim of envy,—it was faction slew him;  
Filled by a stab, and poisoned with a sting  
Was he in dawn of promise, freedom's spring.  
Great man and good ! on thy untimely bier  
Did thy destroyers even flowers fling,  
Nature would out, and out the unwilling tear,  
And e'en Detraction cried—Oh ! what a man was  
here ! (31)

## CLIX.

Say in whose stead this noble man was placed,  
Describe the character :—alas ! tis dark,  
Gloomy as night of every star defaced,  
In its deformity and horror stark,  
With not one cheering object to remark.  
What was his life ? a life of which fame saith  
His hideous death was well-becoming—hark !  
The thick and long-drawn groan—the stifled  
breath—  
The gurgling blood—Oh God ! 'tis suicidal death !

## CLX.

He was the paragon of worldliness,  
The darling of expediency, the pet  
Of smooth dissimulation, in address  
The model of hypocrisy; and yet  
Did it appear indifference had set  
An iron seal upon his callous heart,  
So reckless seemed he even to forget  
That man was other than a senseless part  
Of the machinery of his politic art.

## CLXI.

Deep—deep within the caverns of his mind,  
The mazes of its labyrinthine womb,  
Sat Cunning breeding schemes of blackest kind,  
Like putrefaction in the dismal tomb;  
And Interest in the sepulchral gloom,  
The eternal winter of his bosom dwelt,  
And darkly brooding at her fatal loom,  
For man wove icy bonds of force unfelt  
Till then, and which he deemed no beam of Truth  
should melt.

## CLXII.

Fool that he was to think that Truth's bright sun  
Was agued with an everlasting chill ;  
Its beam is now as at the first it shone,  
Almighty then and just as potent still,—  
Just as the primal, has been, shall and will  
Its every ray celestial ever be ;  
True—that sometimes it is eclipsed ;—thus till  
Was o'er the eclipse then veiled its brilliancy,  
Prospered his schemes and suffered human liberty.

## CLXIII.

Alas ! the mental orb is oft concealed  
By one or other passion of the soul,  
Just as the physical sun by dusky shield  
Of stormy clouds that o'er the welkin roll ;  
But as above presides that sun's control,  
And doth the earth, where cloud is not, illumine,—  
Truth ever shines in heaven, and where the whole  
Wide world of mind doth passion not insume,  
Or folly, make the soul its look divine assume.

## CLXIV.

'Twas thus when thought he most his dark designs  
Were on their evil course, successful bent  
The mental sun, he found, how potent shines  
The stagnant force of reason to ferment :  
Deep murmurs rose around of discontent,  
Too loud for his deceitful voice to hush ;  
Aroused Opinion when he deemed it spent ;—  
Blasted his hopes at once, with fearful gush,  
Did on his soul despair in scathing flood-tide rush.

## CLXV.

One universal curse rests on his name,  
The curse of nations awful and eternal ; (<sup>32</sup>)  
The stamp of villainy, the brand of shame,  
Is on his memory set, in marks that spurn all  
Earthly power and purging fire infernal :—  
But hush ! my muse, though black his deeds, his soul  
Would charity translate to rest supernal ;  
Though 'thwart the wish thick clouds of darkness  
roll,  
And stern surmise looks far beyond hope's bright  
control.

## CLXX.

Long had the world groaned 'neath the galling  
     sway (23)  
 Of Tyranny, and despots deemed their reign  
 Should never know disturbance or decay ;  
 In adamant seemed based their domain  
 And Freedom fettered with eternal chain ;  
 Trampled they reckless on their people's right,  
 Oppression's murmur treated with disdain,—  
 Esteeming powerless the dormant might  
 Of abject millions in apparent hopeless plight.

## CLXXI.

Swayed was the sceptre sole by Interest,—  
 Sinister interest, peculiar meal ;  
 T'exalt the few the many were depressed,  
 Trod to the dust 'neath Avarice' iron heel,  
 Pinched with extortion, misery made to feel  
 The measure of insatiate lust to fill :  
 Drunk with excess did bloated Power reel  
 Yet still extort and feed its longing still,—  
 Its thirst as slakeless as without control its will.

## CLXXII.

Thus till the yoke could be no longer borne,  
Till suffering had reached its utmost pang,  
And much-enduring patience was outworn,—  
Held on their reckless course the despot gang,  
And all the air with cries of anguish rang :  
Then Justice woke, and with a voice of thunder  
Shook the wide earth; responsive Vengeance sprang,  
And burst her brazen manacles asunder,  
And down the tyrants fell o'erwhelmed in their wonder.

## CLXXIII.

Then uprose Hope on golden pinions bright,  
And all around was heard the welcome shout ;  
One vast enthusiasm seemed t'excite  
Humanity—to run a wild-fire rout  
From breast to breast the total world throughout ;  
The minstrel sang the loud propitious song,  
And all men hailed the time as brought about  
When rectified should all be that was wrong,—  
The time so much desired and waited for so long.



## CLXXIV.

Oh! 'twas a glorious opportunity  
For setting right society's sad case,  
For making utter end of tyranny  
And fixing freedom on so broad a base,  
No time should shake it, and no power displace;  
For laying false associations bare,  
Unmasking Custom's antiquated face,  
And causing every thing the bloom to wear  
Of truth, for ever youthful and for ever fair.

## CLXXV.

Alas! alas! the occasion—it was lost,  
Less by revulse of tyranny o'erthrown,  
Than by themselves, unto their bitter cost,  
Who should have seized it, and who could alone:  
Men made not common interest, each his own  
Seeming advantage solitary sought;  
Contention followed—soon the time was flown—  
Came anarchy, with all its horrors fraught,  
And greater ills than aye intestine conflict wrought.

## CLXXVI.

The sons of cunning the disorder wild  
Turned to the advancement of each black design,  
And at the terrible convulsion smiled  
That did the common vigour undermine ;  
With one consent seemed mortals to combine  
By general strife not merely to restore  
The harsh dominion of the ancient line,  
But raise a dynasty to grind them more,—  
A fiend-like sway to which misrule was bliss before.

## CLXXVII.

Surrounding tyrants that anon had trembled  
Took courage and together did conspire,  
And broached the hate they had so long dissembled,  
And gave full vent unto their rankling ire :  
Then burst abroad war's fierce and scathing fire  
In horrible irruption round the world ;  
Seemed all the earth one grand tremendous pyre,  
One Ætna vast, to heaven whose blazes curled,  
Whereon was good and bad in mass chaotic hurled.

## CLXXVIII.

Then uprose one the very demon seeming  
 Of the terrific scene, the ascendant star—  
 Bright as the lightning o'er the wild now gleaming  
 And on its fire-fledged pinion fleeting far,  
 The despots oh! how quickly did he mar,  
 How whelm their slavish armies in confusion,  
 Shew of what flimsy stuff kings mostly are,  
 Make and unmake them at his heart's conclusion,  
 Then in their circle stand and deem it no intrusion!

## CLXXIX.

Oh what a man was there—an awful man,  
 Such as perhaps we ne'er may see again,  
 Such as it seems that Nature only can  
 In her fecundity yield now and then!  
 How many centuries of common men  
 Produce one Cæsar only or one such;  
 Earth's sixty centuries have not furnished ten:  
 Well might his genius be extolled so much,—  
 It was a magic wand almighty in its touch!

## CLXXX.

Ab, for Ambition!—that gigantic lust,  
To heaven towering, grasping at the ocean,  
That in its progress reckless to the dust  
Flings all that would encumber its free motion,—  
Affections, virtues, in its mad devotion,  
Tramples to earth and sunders every bond  
Of sympathy, and by a single notion  
Inducing monomania wild and fond,  
And urging far its victim reason's rules beyond!

## CLXXXI.

Tremendous passion! cancer of the mind,  
Eating away the feelings of the heart  
Till not a jot of love is left behind;  
Spreading until corrupted every part,  
Raging until the whole is one mad smart,  
And burns the bosom like a mimic hell!  
Is there no charm and no resource of art  
The fierce consuming secret fire to quell?  
Of remedy, alas! who ever yet heard tell?

## CLXXXII.

Ambition's blast is like the lightning stroke,  
Fatal to all whereon it may alight ;  
The scathed mind is like the scathed oak,  
Beyond the hope of restoration quite.  
Alas, for either in its hapless plight !  
But dies the tree, and never more may know  
What 'tis to bloom when summer-suns are bright ;  
While dead, the mind, to sympathetic glow,  
Flaming intense, like Hecla 'mid eternal snow.

## CLXXXIII.

Wo to the world ! the wondrous man I sing  
Fell victim to the lightning of ambition,  
All in the freshness of his promise-spring ;  
Passing at once by suddenest transition  
From hope's bright peak to dark depth of perdition ;  
When like a David seemed he, in his youth,  
To vanquish the Philistine coalition,  
Of tyrants fierce that warred against Truth,—  
Proving her foeman dire, her deadliest foe in sooth.

## CLXXXIV.

Then was the globe a Pandæmonium vast  
Of uproar, horror, havoc, massacre ;  
Death grinned with joy, and Terror looked aghast,  
E'en Apathy was troubled at the stir :  
Sundered the golden chains of duty were,  
And raged the passions in a whirlwind storm,  
A hell-blast wild breathed forth its fury there ;  
Earth seemed again a chaos without form,  
O'er which a spirit moved, but not with life to warm.

## CLXXXV.

War and Destruction, hideous o'er the earth  
Gave loose to their infernal revelry,  
With shout and yell—t'express their furious mirth,  
And cannon-roar—an awful symphony.  
Then wo, wo, wo—dire wo, Humanity !  
Then Virtue, wo ! and, Liberty, despair !  
Oppression, then, complete despondency !  
Then full frustration to the patriot's care  
And utter failure to the good man's fervent prayer !

## CLXXXVI.

Most dire contention was there, but soon over;  
Predominated the concentrated power  
Of old misrule, and on the ambitious rover—  
With fire and sword who did the wide world scout—  
At length did fortune's sky—long genial—lower;  
It darkened till involved in one deep gloom :  
Then for a struggle—but the destined hour  
Was come,—the grand climacteric of his doom :  
He fell—and found afar a prison and a tomb !

## CLXXXVII.

There was a fall and a reverse indeed !  
Sure never man from fate sustained such shock !  
He, 'mid the mighty ones who took the lead,  
Bird of the loftiest wing of all the flock,  
Pinioned and fettered to a narrow rock ! (34)  
Great Cæsar died,—but this man lived to feel,  
To gaze on bolts no rescue should unlock,  
To endure a wound no time, no balm should heal,  
And die invidious of the Romans' murderous steel ! (35)

## CLXXXVIII.

He was a great—great man, with all his faults :  
How did he differ from his kingly foes !  
Comparison much his renown exalts,—  
He seems a sun where none but planets rose,  
Mid crowns his crown with tenfold lustre glows :  
Fresh shall his fame remain while Time grows hoary,  
And thus embalm the memory of those  
Who for corruption fought, while he for glory,—  
Whose names had, but for his, been never heard in  
story.

## CLXXXIX.

He fell—and quick Abuse a-working set  
Her ruinous bulwarks to re-edify,  
Old Interest with Craft in council met  
To build a mighty Babel to the sky,  
On base so broad, with towers so strong and high,  
As might o'er all the world maintain command ;  
Whence jealous Power, with secret scrutiny,  
Might circumspect afar on either hand,  
And where suspicion lurked dispatch her armed band.



## CXC.

And did the attempt succeed? Alas—alas!  
Ask of the nations;—the response, methinks,  
Will be that all too surely came to pass;  
That Tyranny, with eye as of a lynx—  
Eye that ne'er slumbers—nay, that never winks—  
Watches around, and with a vulture's claw—  
From whose rude grasp there's none so bold but —  
                  shrinks—  
Pounces where'er its prompt mistrust may draw,  
And with its rage all rebel feeling doth o'erawe.

## CXCI.

Scheme followed scheme of sinister intent,  
Sinister interest object of the whole;  
Until anon unto their utmost went—  
The crown of craft, collusion's very goal—  
The few to stablish their unjust control;  
Combining all save one (whose non-compliance  
Bespoke—if not from need—a noble soul,  
And slew a villain), in such firm alliance,  
That in their compact strength they bid the world  
                  defiance.

## CXCII.

Then came the heyday of commodity,  
The many seemed to exist but for the few,—  
As though by Heaven destined but to be  
Materials for Corruption's evil view,  
Tools wherewith Power might work her wicked cue.  
Oh, wo is man ! where now the tyrant's check ?  
The independence, where, to all men due ?  
Shall upstarts do whatever wrong they reck,  
And to their galling yoke men ever bow the neck ?

## CXCIII.

Knowledge cries—no, it shall not thus remain :  
Wisdom is moving 'mong the sons of men,—  
To stay her march all human power how vain !—  
Wisdom, whose might it was that ruled when  
Creation rose from chaos—nay, e'er then  
From everlasting was at God's right hand,  
The infinitude fulfilling of his ken :  
How in Heaven holds paramount command—  
Not impious fools of Earth her sway with-  
and ?

## CXCIV.

Hark ! Nature too yields most sublime reponse—  
Great God of Justice ! 'tis thy voice—I kneel—  
'Tis no,—a deep tremendous no at once  
A host of thunders in loud concert peal :  
Stunned the huge tors seem in the clouds to reel,  
While every echo from its rocky dell  
The din re-bellows with a rival zeal :—  
But lo ! the crags on fire !—quick burst, pell mell  
A thousand thunder-claps !—I fly—Dartmoor ! fare-  
well !

**NOTES**

**TO**

**CANTO SECOND.**



## NOTES

TO

### CANTO SECOND.

---

1. Verse XVIII., lines 5 and 6.

*the shame*

(*Mental*)

The blush of soul which a disapproving conscience excites, in contradistinction to the shame occasioned by the discountenance of the world.

2. Verse XXVI., line 1.

—*Behold a bard—I need not tell his name—*

This and other subsequent personal allusions it has been the endeavour of the author so to render as to preclude the necessity of names; an effect often to be accomplished with little difficulty, so nobly renowned some individuals, others, alas! so lamentably

notorious, the leading characteristic needs but to be hinted, and the person is suggested.

3. Verse xxvii. line 1.

*in strange portentous times,*

The era of the French Revolution.

4. Verse xxxiv. lines 8 and 9.

*Yet interest urged him to perform his part,—*

*He did so, and was sold at Favour's conscience-mart.*

When occasioned by conviction, change of opinion is surely most creditable ; but it is culpable and despicable in the extreme, when originating in sinister motive, in the desire of 'favour, the love of gain ; it is then, in fact, but feigned to be changed. Despite the corruption of the age, still so infamous is venality, that none dare openly glory in it.

“ The baleful dregs

Of these late ages, this inglorious draught

Of servitude and folly, have not yet,—

Blest be the Eternal Ruler of the world !—

Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame

The native honours of the human soul ;

Nor so effaced the image of its sire.”

*Akenside.*

Defiance must still, in outward manifestation at least, be paid to the principles of our nature ; and hence, fraud puts on the garb of speciousness, and would fain pass for honesty. Mental prostitution is “ a monster of such frightful mien,” she dares not stalk naked in the open day ; she must appear in the habiliments of outward decency, and not be seen a harlot in her abandonment. This is well, as indicating that there is still in existence, among men, a moral principle ; but ill, in that the artifice and refinements to which recourse is had, cause guilt to appear with but half its deformities ; and palliation ensues where indignation should succeed.

The individual alluded to in the line heading this note, is most plausible in address, is so eloquent in his own cause, that one can hardly but believe him. Yet, after all, is there ground to question the sufficiency of his reasoning, whether with his ingenuity of argument he be ingenuous.

Unfortunately for him, when change of opinion is coeval with change of circumstance,—with the bettering of condition ; when it can be ascertained that such bettering of condition would not have occurred had no openly avowed change of opinion taken place ; and when it is evident that the opinion embraced is such as ever met with favour and reward, there is but too much reason to consider the difference of condition the motive of the alteration of principle, or rather principle in profession. In the case of the individual alluded to, is it possible to think the conduct quite uninfluenced by the probability of the actual result,—that the acquisition of filthy lucre and royal favour was unexpected and accidental ? O that there were no reason to deem the change of sentiment effected by other than the proper cause ! He, of whom I speak, is one of such



noble disposition, that his faults should be rather of error than delinquency. The character of a time-server was never so ill acted : never was man so unfit to advocate the cause of prejudice and abuse, of antiquated and unnatural customs. He seems to have been retained by Truth, and is leader against her ; elect of Nature, for the service of humanity, but faithless to his holy calling. Yet, though he might have done much for the advancement of the world, and has been actively employed in effecting the contrary, the loss and ill experienced is much less to be deplored than the dereliction of duty. "The truth,—" although he cannot say "which all my life I have divulged,"—has not been wanting of Apostles that have not only never denied, but ever boldly maintained it ; and in spite of the renegade, in spite of all that corruption and power can do, will ultimately triumph.

"The destined hour must come,  
When it shall blaze with sun-surpassing splendour,  
And the dark mists of prejudice and falsehood  
Fade in its strong effulgence."  
"The ray of truth shall emanate around,  
And the whole world be lighted !"

*Wat Tyler.*

Should it be asked why I have revived an old and grievous story so much bruited, my reply is, that it was the most apposite illustration of my subject. Much deference as may be due to the amiable and noble qualities, and to the years of the individual, greater respect is to be paid to truth ; and truth, however much I may be

in error, it is that I have at heart to promote. In sincerity, not in enmity, have I written.

5. Verse XLII. lines 1 and 2.

*First 'mong the true, &c.*

*the illustrious Eden, bard of old,*

It is much less because of the tone of Milton's poetry, than because of his conduct, that I have assigned him this station: the writings of Shakespeare, in expression of bold and lofty sentiment, are perhaps unrivalled; but the life of Milton is infinitely the more exemplary; in fact, one of the grandest practical illustrations of sublime precept upon record.

Despite the animadversions of Warton, and Johnson, and of Gibbon (as we are told by Mr. Hayley), the continued and disinterested ardour of Milton in the cause of freedom and of truth, will hardly now be considered as having less claim to approval, than his genius has always been allowed to admiration. The gross abuses of power at the times in which he lived, might well excite his indignation, and that he should have boldly levelled at them when the season of innovation and reform was at hand, is but to be expected; but, that in the hour of reverse, he should still have been faithful to his principles, and thereby have subjected himself to contumely, to indigence and sorrow, when an abandonment of them would have insured to his growing infirmities, ease, comfort, and, it may be, have procured to him courtly favour, excites our surprise and awakens deep emotions of moral approval. The dictate of

conscience was his principle of action; the smile of Heaven, the crown of his hopes.

“ He all his study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid; nor those things last that might preserve  
Freedom and peace to men.”

It was the consciousness of duty that supported him in the season of adversity, that caused him to hold on the rough and thorny tenor of his way, steadfast, uncomplaining,—nay, rejoicing.

“ Cyriac, this three-years day, these eyes, though clear  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs does day appear,  
Or sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman; yet I argue not  
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate one jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-ply'd  
In liberty's defence, my noble task  
Of which all Europe talks from side to side:  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain  
mask  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.”

## 6. Verse XLII. line 3.

*And the sweet lyrist,*

The lyrist by pre-eminence: none can mistake the individual. A modern writer thus characterises him:—"He sees for himself, and he feels for others. He employs the arts of fiction, not to adorn the deformed or disguise the false, but to make truth shine out the clearer, and beauty look more beautiful. He does not make verse, 'immortal verse,' the vehicle of lies, the bawd of legitimacy, the pander of antiquated prejudices, and of vamped up sophistry; but of truths, of home, heart-felt truths, as old as human nature and its wrongs." In his first poetic adventure, he followed the maxim of Catullus, that it matters not how licentious soever may be the poem, let the life of the poet be chaste and unexceptionable: but, of late, his lyre has vibrated only with tones of chastest melody.

## 7. Verse XLIII. line 9.

*The Ariel this, &c.*

Is the epithet inappropriate? it will hardly, I think, be deemed so after perusal of the "Fables of the Holy Alliance," and "The Fudge Family at Paris." It is not, however, only as a sportive child of fancy that the lyrist appears to us: as often almost does he as much excite our admiration as a son of wisdom. Now it is "The Little Grand Lama" and "Louis Fourteenth's Wig," but now it is "The Torch of Liberty" and fallen "Venice."

## 8. Verse XLIV.

*Neither be thou unmentioned, &c. &c. &c.*

With all his waywardness and all his foibles, he was such

“That Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, This was a man!”

He was, as he tells you,

“Her never weaned, tho’ not her favoured child.”

Frown as the world may, his name will be mentioned with constantly increasing rapture and veneration; while his miserable canting defamers,—they who would have a few blemishes blast the noblest reputation,—shall continue to sink in insignificance and contempt. As none ventures to advocate his faults, why should they ever be set forth in the most unfavourable light? The circumstances of his life should be considered in palliation; full credit ought to be given to his virtues. “Judge not, that ye be not judged,” is a maxim, doubtless, intended to warn from hasty and ill-advised conclusions, of an unfavourable nature,—not to forbid the formation of opinions too charitable. The spirit of Christianity would induce us to magnify the good, diminish the bad traits in the character of a man; it would have us make to each other every allowance for the liabilities and frailties of our common nature, and include all, even those who most differ from us in cha-

racter and conduct, in one wide embrace of good-will. Estimated by the rule of mutual forbearance, the faults of the illustrious bard will, it is likely, be considered venial much rather than culpable. Weighed in the balance of Christian judgment, he will not be found wanting.

9. Verse XLV. lines 8 and 9.

*Ay—and 'twas when thy ray, most bright and clear,  
Illumed, alas, it sank never to reappear !*

His exit from this mortal stage was like a brilliant sunset after a dark and stormy day. He died in Greece, a chieftain among Greeks that emulated the deeds of their fathers. With honour shall he be hereafter mentioned in the annals of an emancipated nation as one among the foremost to hail, to assist the struggle of independence. The day is at hand, nay, it now is, that he need no longer sing

“ Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ! ”

The blow is struck : and with glory shall it be told by generations, as yet unborn, of Grecian freemen, how it was the bard of Britain first bid and first taught their ancestors to strike for liberty.

Musing mournfully once on the hapless state of the pristine land of science and of virtue, and its future prospect, thus he sang :—

“ When riseth Lacedemon’s hardihood,  
 When Thebes’ Epaminondas rears again,  
 When Athens’ children are with hearts endued,  
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,  
 Then may’st thou be restored; but not till then.”

Men have sprung up, whose doings the page of ancient history would not blush to relate. The vampire burden of the Turkish yoke has been shaken off; the Moslem has trembled in the walls of Istamboul; and Greece has little to fear but from the jealous intervention of Christian powers.

10. Verse XLVI. lines 1 and 2.

*To Hope’s sweet minstrel is a tribute due,*  
*To Memory’s bard a tribute be there paid,*

Campbell and Rogers (it is remarked by the illustrious individual last before in reference) are the only poets of the times, who can be reproached with having written too little.

It may be wondered why I have made no mention of Sir Walter Scott; his poetical works are not within the scope of my subject.

11. Verse LI. line 8.

*Till Newton rose did Galileo stay,*

Galileo died the year Newton was born,—a fact which I have endeavoured to figure in the preceding lines of this verse.

12. Verse LIV. lines 1 to 4.

*He trembled,—wavered,—fell,—exciting more  
The tear of sympathy than wonder's gaze;  
For in his memory, like a rankling sore,  
Was Bruno's fate,—the faggot and the blaze.*

Bruno was an Italian philosopher, who did not long precede Galileo. From correctness of observation he was enabled to anticipate many of the discoveries of after times; but his views were deemed by the charitable but visionary, while the intolerant who knew not, or would not acknowledge the doctrines of the innocence of involuntary error, raised a loud cry against them as heterodox and blasphemous; and he was ultimately condemned to the stake for his bold, uncompromising conduct.

When the clamours of a jealous superstition were raised against Galileo for his innovations in philosophy,—his departure from the narrow and crooked path of a tyrannous authority,—there is reason to believe, that being in the decline of years, and, as it is likely, not without a corresponding decay of mental energy, the unhappy fate of his predecessor in opinion and conduct, Bruno, was often in his contemplation, exciting feelings far other than those he would have experienced in the vigour of his life. When summoned before the Inquisition at Rome, he was 70 years of age, and in very ill health. In the city were many friendly disposed towards him, but few ventured to manifest any symptom of encouragement: the



offices, however, so much needed by his infirmities, were assiduously discharged by Nicolini, the Tuscan Ambassador. But the anxiety of the old man, in spite of the kindness and comfort of his protector, shortly brought on a severe attack of his constitutional complaints: he could not at once sustain the attack of disease and his own reflections and forebodings; and the victim of physical, rather than of mental imbecility, he consented to that which redounds little (not at all, perhaps) to his discredit, but deeply and for ever involves his persecutors in infamy and abomination. In an hour of weakness and sorrow he abjured doctrines which it had taken him a long and laborious life to establish. Not with a brow of impudence, a heart of recklessness, met he the degrading ceremonial of his penance; his whole demeanour bespoke the keenest compunction, the most intense mental agony. Venerable and unhappy old man! If Cicero could not forbear weeping when he read the death of Socrates,—a death of glory untarnished, a martyrdom in the full strength of understanding (for though aged, there was no indication of mental failure; in fact, there was comparatively but little physical decay),—how can one refrain from tears at the sad story of the old and feeble and distempered Galileo,—one who perhaps had once not shrunk from the fate of the Grecian philosopher!

13. Verse LIX. lines 7, 8, and 9.

*The compass broke, of Virtue, burnt the chart,  
And left the soul by mere expediency  
To track the sea of Time in wide uncertainty.*

The doctrine of expediency, as generally set forth, is based on

natural moral indifferency ; consequently the finest susceptibilities of our spiritual being are argued away, or rather assumed not to exist. A few isolated facts are adduced as conclusive against an almost universal experience. The conduct of some few wretches, that appear monsters and almost outcasts of nature, is brought forward to prove that there is no original law of right and wrong engraven on the hearts of men ; that the distinctions of virtue and of vice are adventitious. The work referred to affords an especial example of this : see chapter 5, of Preliminary Considerations, book 1.

In the long and diversified annals of human nature, is there an account of a nation devoid of all moral manifestation? No: it is not contended that there is ; but only, that single crimes have been often tolerated, and as virtues. This is specious ; on investigation, however, it will be found insufficient to ground an argument, nay, in fact, rather in favour of that which it is intended to refute. Where societies would appear to have sanctioned customs contrary to what are contended to be the eternal rules of right and wrong, it may generally be rendered apparent that it was from the best of motives ; and no charge can be brought against the adequacy of the moral principle ; the understanding it was, that failed. The children of Sparta were brought up in habits of theft, not that they might become thieves, but vigilant warriors ; the helot was made drunk before them, not that they should follow, but avoid the example. The most ridiculous modes were seldom without proper purpose ; and, if they were, failed not to subvert,—divert, in some measure, they might,—the course of nature, the instinctive

feelings of the soul. Where evil habits obtained the strongest, conscience was seldom quite extinct.

“Jetez les yeux sur toutes les nations du monde, parcourez toutes les histoires ; parmi tant de cultes inhumains et bizarres, parmi cette prodigieuse diversité de mœurs et de caracteres, vous trouverez partout les mêmes principes de morale, partout les mêmes notions du bien et du mal. L’ancien paganisme enfanta des dieux abominables qu’on eût punis ici-bas comme des scélérats, et qui n’offroient pour tableau de bonheur suprême que des forfaits à commettre et des passions à contenter. Mais le vice, armé d’une autorité sacrée, descendoit en vain du séjour éternel ; l’instinct moral le repoussoit du cœur des hommes. En célébrant les débauches de Jupiter, on admiroit la continence de Xénocrate ; la chaste Lucrece adoroit l’impudique Vénus ; l’intrépide Romain sacrifioit à la Peur ; il invoquoit le dieu qui mutila son pere, et mouroit sans murmure de la main du sien. Les plus méprisables divinités furent servies par les plus grands hommes. La sainte voix de la nature, plus fortes que celles des dieux, se faisoit respecter sur la terre, et sembloit releguer dans le ciel le crime avec les coupables.”

The greatest authorities, both in ancient and modern times, might be adduced in favour of a conscience, not the creature of, though modified by, circumstance ; independent, though needing the aid of reason : different, indeed, have been the names given to it, and much has it suffered from mysticism and ignorance ; but it has at all times been just one and the same in character.

In the sublime language of Cicero it is “ quidem vera lex, recta

ratio, nature congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna, quæ vocet ad officium jubendo, vetando a fraude deterreat; quæ tamen neque probos frustra jubet aut vetat, nec improbos jubendo aut vetando movet. Huic legi nec obrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest. Nec vero aut per senatum, aut per populum solvi hac lege possumus," &c.

According to Rousseau it is "un principe inné de justice et de vertu, sur lequel, malgré nos propres maximes, nous jugeons nos actions et celles d'autrui comme bonnes ou mauvaises." He denominates it conscience.

In the simple language of Dr. Brown, (one who has most thoroughly analysed it, and who has, at the same time, exposed all the fallacies of the advocates of moral indifference, and the rule of expediency; and in particular, those of their great Coryphæus, the individual to whom the verse heading this note has reference), it is "a moral susceptibility,"—a susceptibility of emotion, distinctive to us, on the contemplation of actions, of good or evil.

Christianity continually alludes to it as the law written in the heart, as that by which those who have not the law—the revealed law,—“are a law unto themselves.”

Is this law, then,—this universal principle of right,—this chart and compass whereby humanity has hitherto steered on, though indeed with many deviations, through the mighty ocean of corruption, to be now abandoned?—and for what?—the doctrine of convenience as it may be laid down by a short-sighted, perhaps, an ill-inclined mortal; one whose conduct must have another rule to square with!

If extravagantly erroneous, I am not quite alone in opinion as

to the effect of the doctrines broached by the author of "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy."

"According to this writer," says Dr. Price—Note F., Appendix to his work on *Morals*, "our notions of moral distinctions are derived, neither from a moral sense, nor from instinct of any kind, nor from intellectual discernment and the natures of things. On the contrary, he makes them, if I understand him, to be a kind of habits of thinking, (or prejudices), which we derive from education, and the circumstances in which we grow up to mature life. To be *obliged* to an action, he says, is, 'to be urged to it by a violent motive, resulting from the command of another.' At the same time he asserts, that this motive can be only self-love; and that we can be obliged to nothing that will not in some way contribute to our interest; so that, (were there no future state) an action by which we could get nothing would be perfectly indifferent to us; and, if it puts us to the smallest degree of pain, we should be under an obligation to avoid it, though we could save by it a kingdom, or make a world happy. What makes the difference, he says, between *prudence* and *duty* is, that in the one case we consider what we shall get or lose in this world, and in the other what we shall get or lose in a future world, or who does not carry his views to it, can have no right perception of it."

14. Verse LX. line 2.

*the book of Nature read?*

The work on Natural Theology is alluded to.

## 15. Verse LXXI. lines 1 to 9.

*The doctrine which he broached, &c.*

Dr. Paley's character as a theologian is more particularly referred to,—of which, by and by,—but as a philosopher, it is hardly less deserving of censure.

The excellencies of the work to which my animadversions are confined, "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," are many and great, but its faults not less in number or degree.

The view given in that work of moral distinctions has already been noticed; the manner in which political relations have been there treated, is not less objectionable. Vide Note of Dr. Price before referred to.

Was Paley sincere in espousing these views, in advocating the doctrine of expediency as he did? A Christian in principle by profession, we find him tolerating dissimulation in many cases: for instance, the chapter on "Subscription to Articles of Religion;" in which it is contended, that as it cannot be supposed that the framers of the Articles of the Church of England expected an invariable sameness of opinion on subjects so many and controvertible, their only intention was, to exclude certain religionists obnoxious to the state; and therefore any one who is convinced that he substantially satisfies that intention, may subscribe his assent to the whole, though dissenting from many of the Articles. The security of the Established Church, as the object however desirable, I cannot but think ill attained by a means that sanctions disingenuousness. As a corporation of worldly authority and power, the Church may gain support from such as,

with mental reservation, subscribe its articles of faith ; for, doubtless, they will do so with an eye to its benefices, and have an interest in maintaining it ; but as a system of Christianity, it will, surely, gain nothing ; truth requires not even the sanction of authority, much more the help of deceit. I cannot believe that any honest man would be satisfied with Dr. Paley's reasoning. The doctrine of doing good by evil, is neither taught in the religion of Nature, nor in the religion of Jesus. The acuteness of Dr. Paley was such, that we cannot consider him sincere in the view he has given of the intention of the framers of the Thirty-nine Articles, or as to the propriety of one who dissents from any of the propositions contained in them, subscribing a general assent. It is impossible to think that that intention was other than to prevent diversity of opinion, unless it were also to tolerate hypocrisy. To require a declaration of sincere belief to that which is not believed, or but in part believed, is to sanction dissimulation, whatever may be the pretended object : the legislature could not be blind to this, and what reason is there to suppose it to have been accessory ? If conformity of opinion was meant, then, even according to Dr. Paley, to subscribe without unqualified approval, would be morally wrong. But supposing the intention as he represented it, can a man who in conscience dissents,—dissents even from one position only,—subscribe full assent and be guiltless ? It is needless to reply. Surely the chapter which has called for these remarks deserves to be designated as it has been by Gilbert Wakefield, “ a shuffling chapter : ” it is a piece of most arrant sophistry ; and, considering the character of Paley, as a theologian, the propriety of the lines heading the verse, the occasion of this note, cannot be disputed.

The doctrine of expediency, as propounded and exemplified in other portions of the moral and political philosophy, is so obviously a sanction to time-serving, and evidently intended to uphold things established, whether good or bad, that there is necessarily suggested a doubt of the candour, the integrity of the author ; a suspicion that he was writing for the sake, not of truth, but of filthy lucre ; to win the favour, not of heaven, but of the world. Those parts of the work which relate to matters, not immediately connected with the adventitious circumstances of society, to the duties of parent and child, of man to his Maker, and so on, are admirably adapted to practical purposes ; but where Church or State is in question, we find an attempt ever made to palliate, to support whatever may have obtained ; there is no bold enquiry, no probing of things, no straightforward, unbending pursuit of truth. " Whatever is, is right," or must be made appear to be so, or, at any rate, not to be wrong. And yet there is a conscientiousness at times manifested, in most singular contrast ; so manifested, too, as if intended to intimate that the author knew better. While he is contending for error, it would seem that he wished truth to be advanced. Unhappy, indeed, is he, who puts on the trammels of authority, and yet feels impelled to move in the full liberty of reason ! Not only does he torment himself, but his motions are so awkward, that he cannot conceal his pain ; that he cannot but appear to labour under restraint ; and he fails of the very object for which he so punishes himself. This was the case with Dr. Paley ; had he been less conscientious, less free in the declaration of his opinions, he would, perhaps, have risen to the crown of his wishes ; would have obtained that, the acquire of which it was, caused him to shape his conduct, not to his conviction, but the



fashion of the times.—*See Personal and Literary Memorials of Henry Best, Esq.*

The character of Dr. Paley stands so high, his work is so popular, that the foregoing animadversions may be deemed rash and unwarrantable; but as I am not without authority, and as I believe them to be merited, and as the doctrines and conduct, their subject, are such as it is the very object of my poem to attack, I feel not only justified in making them, but that they were called for. Much is it to be feared that one great reason of the popularity of “*The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*,” is the very frequent similarity of conduct to that of the Author of the Work. Much as the age is increasing in knowledge, it has, there is reason to think, yet to learn the wisdom of uncompromising honesty. Men shape their opinions as interest dictates, and, at the same time, very often contend, that by compromise between abstract principle and general practice, truth is best to be promoted.

16. Verse LXIII. lines 3 to 9.

*The occasion-serving priest, &c.*

That Dr. Paley was not sincere in his theological profession, take one instance. Having to maintain a thesis in the University, he proposed to contend that the eternity of hell torments is contradictory to the Divine Attributes. Finding afterwards that the doctrine was not palatable to the Bishop, and at the instigation of certain individuals of influence, and experienced in the crafty science of preferment, he applied to the Moderator, Dr. Watson,

to have the thesis changed ; who suggested that he might put in *non* before *contradicit*. He consequently defended this proposition :—  
 “*Æternitas poenarum non contradicit Divinis Attributis.*”

Of unorthodoxy, the view which he, being a clergyman, took of subscription to articles of religion, would excite strong suspicion ; no sincere believer would have doubted the apparent intention of the legislature. But there is more than mere presumptive evidence of the fact.—*See Best's Personal and Literary Memorials.*

The most charitable construction which we can put upon Dr. Paley's conduct as a clergyman, (a construction, however, that by no means sanctions it morally), is, that he considered the Church, with its endowments, as furnishing the amplest resources of doing good to the community : its dogmas were matter of small concern. It was not the oracle of Apollo, at Delphi ; but rather, the inestimable deposits of gold and jewels that were valued and sought by the hierophant, who ministered at the altar, and bowed before the shrine of the god.

#### 17. Verse LXVIII.

*Ah me !. I fear since first that men began,*

*&c. &c. &c.*

When Christianity stood forth in the nakedness of abstract truth, the powers of darkness fell ; in her own intrinsic, metaphysical, superhuman strength, she was invincible : but no sooner was the sceptre of state wielded to her purpose, no sooner was the sanction

of authority added to that of religion, no sooner had the creed of men, become matter of political enactment, and the teachers of that creed officers of government, than the tide of prosperity was turned, and around the sun of righteousness, whose light had gladdened the mental world, whose beams had healed the nations, a dense dark mist spread ; light and life ceased almost to be diffused ; and the gloom of superstition, and the chill of infidelity, succeeded. Nor has the vapour yet passed off : religion is still the sickly nurse-ling of authority. If individuals argue for her being left alone to herself, that she would then recover and prosper, as in other days, they are laughed at as fools, as dreaming enthusiasts . Is it forgotten by those who profess the faith of Jesus, that it is a faith to be propagated, not by the authority of men, but by the word of God ? Is it possible that they who claim to be soldiers of Jesus, should not remember that his kingdom is not of this world ; that he, when he came to found it, came not with stately magnificence, but appeared the meanest of the mean, despised and rejected of men, a humble Nazarene ; that his disciples went forth amid an adverse world, without scrip, or purse, or staff, invested with no royal insignia, though armed with the power plenipotentiary of divine truth ? Will any contend that the sanction of authority is in lieu of the miraculous powers of the primitive church ? It is a query whether, be the effect of miracles what it might, men ever became Christians from the mere fact of Christianity being the religion of the state—from the mere fact of a wealthy bishop being the propounder. If the arm of secular power be needed,—now, too, that Christianity is the professed religion of nations, and they only who dissent are persecuted, surely it is implied, impiously implied,

that the arm of the God of Christianity is shortened, is unnerved ! The political character of most of the present ecclesiastical establishments in Europe, indicates, if not absolute infidelity, a mistrust of the efficacy of what is yet maintained to be a divine truth : they are practical libels on the Deity and his religion.

18. Verse LXXV. line 9.

*And for the resurrection of the just await.*

Luke xiv. 14. For thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

19. Verse LXXXVIII.

*But left the sage, &c.*

It is needless, perhaps, to say, that Dr. Priestley has been intended in this and preceding verses : in explanation, however, of some of the allusions, a brief sketch of the prominent circumstances of his life, may not be inappropriate.

The Doctor, early in life, renounced the creed of his education, and subsequently became a zealous anti-trinitarian minister. In mental philosophy, he boldly advocated the views of Hartley. In physics, he was an ardent and successful investigator. A noble, daring, and unflinching constancy marked his every enterprise.

For the space of seven years he suspended his theological avocation, and fulfilled the character of librarian to the Marquis of

Lanadowne ; and, under the auspices of that illustrious peer, pursued his philosophical enquiries with much advantage. On leaving that situation, he resumed his ministerial office at Birmingham, continuing still to enjoy the bounty of the nobleman. Pursuing the studies congenial to his calling, he began to enter into controversies, which excited enmity towards him. Into the discussion of the Corporation and Test Acts, then carried on with much heat, he entered, and signalised himself, and became an object of much animosity among certain parties, by maintaining that all ecclesiastical establishments were hostile to the right of private judgment, barriers in the way of truth, and, consequently, anti-Christian, and as such, to be ultimately overthrown. The French Revolution was at this time inflaming the public mind, and any opinion at all singular, was magnified into a danger most formidable. A loud clamour was raised against him by the clergy in his neighbourhood, as one who attempted to subvert the religion of the state ; and the foulest slander, and most unchristian declamation were employed, by dissenters as well as churchmen, in singular contrast to his candid and patient disquisitions. In his letter to the inhabitants of Eleutheropolis, Dr. Parr, remarking on this unfair treatment of Priestley, proceeds in the following fine strain of advice to his ill-users, and of encomium to him :—"Let Dr. P., indeed, be confuted, where he is mistaken. Let him be exposed, where he is superficial. Let him be repressed, where he is dogmatical. Let him be rebuked, where he is censorious. But, let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous, almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great ; let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and

exemplary without ostentation ; because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of a patriarch ; and because a philosophical eye will at once discover in them the deep-fixed root of virtuous principles, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit." The irritation of the public mind still continued to increase, and particularly among the lower class ; and in the tumult which ensued upon the occasion of a festival in commemoration of the fall of the Bastile,—although Dr. P. had declined any participation,—his house, and valuable library, and apparatus, fell a prey to the infuriated and incendiary multitude, and with difficulty did he escape with his life. Popular anger, favoured, it is supposed, if not fomented, by those who should have been pacificators, tracked him wherever he went, and at length compelled him to leave his native land. Hoping to find refuge, he crossed the Atlantic, and took up his residence at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania ; but prejudice was beforehand with him, and it was only by the strenuous exertions of the admirable Jefferson, that he was allowed to remain unmolested, and to end his days in peace. It was, in fact, the casting vote of Jefferson that decided the majority in Congress, on the question of harbouring this persecuted man in the United States. How is the state of things altered !

20. Verse xcvi. line 6.

*The son of Israel cent-omnipotent.*

The great Jewish money lender, the Achilles of the Stock Ex-

change, needs not to be named. In wealth he is unrivalled; and, as the maxim of the day is, that wealth is power, I have applied to him the compound—cent-omnipotent.

21. Verse xcvi. lines 5 to 8.

*In traffic—nay in traffic contraband,  
Of place and pension, and the rights of men, &c.*

Borough-mongery, for instance, a trade almost monopolised by the noble.

22. Verse xcix. lines 6 to 8.

*E'en those whom wont it was to find most stern, &c.*

The rural population is particularly meant. Dr. Goldsmith long ago found occasion to lament the increasing love of gain, the decay of virtue, in this order of society. Towards the end of his "Deserted Village," he exclaims—

"E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Far from the shore, and darken all the strand."

Since his day, the morals of common life, there is reason to fear, have not at all improved; but, on the contrary, a system of extortion and corruption has induced the most abject dependence and servility. For proof, that most disgusting of public exhibitions, the veriest mummery of the age, an election.

## 23. Verse cxi. line 9.

*Ah yes, Philosophy! thy reverend father hoary!*

It is sad, indeed, that there does appear on the page of history, so much to the discredit of the illustrious Bacon: the fanciful and feeling might, (to paraphrase the language of Sterne), say, that the Spirit of Truth blushed to tell the fault, and, the Genius of History, they would, had dropped a tear, as he wrote it down, and blotted it out for ever.

“He shall not die, by G—,” cried my Uncle Toby.

“—The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blush’d as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.”

## 24. Verse cxvi. lines 1 to 5.

*Beside thy doings for humanity; &c.*

This great man’s public character and conduct have been so much matter of general regard and admiration, that it were quite useless to specify the incidents connected therewith.



25. Verse CXX. lines 6 and 7.

*Then could'st not e'en the versatility  
Peculiar to thy avocation bide,*

Bentham (to whom the allusion relates), was bred a barrister, but, from conscientious scruples, never practised as such.

26. Verse CXXVI. lines, 3, 4, 5.

*Of those two men  
Illustrious, of whom I but now told  
The praise, &c.*

They need no panegyric, but yet it is owing to them; and, privileged indeed will he be, to whom the duty shall devolve. Their deeds praise them: knowledge is diffused, error is uprooted, authority thrown down—by whom in chief? If the reply be not now unanimous, if haply there be any who know not the great champions of truth, the time shall come, when all will alike venerate their names. Bentham and Brougham, though there be incongruities of character between them, may yet, as pre-eminent among the illustrious of the day, be mentioned together. To the utmost of their respective ability have they acted in the cause of humanity; and a grateful posterity will render the tribute of honour, so justly due, and strangely neglected, to be rendered by a contemporary age. Yet that, however, they are now altogether without admiration; many are their names big with great, glorious, sublime associa-

tions ; and who only regret that men are so tardy or so cold in their regard. But ah ! of how small concern is the approval of the multitude, to them who have the testimony of a good conscience ! Without that, ten thousand acclamations were bitterness ; with that, the jeer and slander of a world were joy. “ *La conscience du juste lui tient lieu des louanges de l’univers.* ”—*J. J. Rousseau.*

## 27. Verse CXXXIV. lines 8 and 9.

*the victims, ye,  
Of their mad fury blind and reckless cruelty.*

That the brave are not only the dupes, but the victims of power, is certain, as well from the fact too notorious, and referred to in the preceding verses, that wealth and favour deprive them of that they deserve, that their services are for the most part unrequited, as on account of the privations and perils of war. Death is the certain and uncommiserated fate of many ; misery, the common and unheeded lot of all, except the privileged.

## 28. Verse CXLI. lines 1 to 4.

*There was a man who might have done great things,  
For Britain, Europe, &c.*

So thought the noble bard before alluded to in these notes.

“ Never had mortal man such opportunity,  
 Except Napoleon, or abused it more :  
 You might have freed fallen Europe from the unity  
 Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore.”

The commencing stanzas of the Canto (9th Don Juan) from which these lines are extracted, suggested to me to take the individual to whom they are addressed, as an illustration of the worldly warrior.

29. Verse CXLII. lines 6 and 7.

*His name shall on the historic page be seen,  
 Yet not in virtue's bright and golden flame,*

The individual in reference has lately assumed the character of a statesman; and as he seems to be endowed with ample power to every purpose, whether good or evil, may he, by patriotic achievement, endeavour to atone for the past; and so hand down a name to posterity that shall bear with it pleasing as well as unhappy associations.

30. Verse CLII. line 6 to 9.

*None can be found, &c.*

The state policy of modern times is characterised, not only by a

general indifference to the principles of natural justice, but occasionally by the most flagrant, bare-faced, cruel acts of dishonesty. To take every possible advantage of its neighbour, would seem to have been hitherto the prevailing maxim and propensity of every European nation ; and there is reason to think that it is only an imperious necessity, a total impotence, that occasions a momentary abeyance. Let there be again an opportunity, and there would, ere long, occur deeds to put humanity to the blush—deeds, of which the unchristianised Roman warrior had been almost ashamed. Is there an incident in all the Punic wars, that exceeds in atrocious policy the capture of the Spanish treasure-ships, in 1805, and of the Danish fleet, with the attack upon Copenhagen, in 1807 ? And what ground have we to believe that such deeds would not again be perpetrated ? How singularly do these facts contrast with the manifestation of Athenian policy, under circumstances somewhat similar to those which lead to them ! Themistocles had projected a scheme for the advantage of Athens, which, he said, required secrecy and dispatch, and might not be divulged before the popular assembly ; he, therefore, requested that some one might be associated with him to consider its expediency. Aristides was appointed, and to him Themistocles communicated his intention of burning the fleet belonging to the rest of the Grecians, then at anchor in a neighbouring port, and thereby procuring to Athens the sovereignty of the sea. Shocked at the proposal, Aristides forthwith returned to the public assembly, and declared that nothing could be more advantageous to Athens than the proposal of Themistocles, but that nothing at the same time could be more unjust. The people,

without knowing the proposal, were determined by this opinion, and bestowed upon Aristides the appellation of Just. Is there, in the annals of Modern Europe, anything like this? Is there one among the statesmen of these days deserving to be called—Just?

31. Verse CLVIII. line 9.

*Oh, what a man was here!*

It is needless, perhaps, to name Canning; one, of whom it may be affirmed, future ages will be disposed less to criminate than to regret, to regret than to admire.

32. Verse CLXV. lines 1 and 2.

*One universal curse rests on his name,  
The curse of nations awful and eternal;*

Is this over-drawn? Remember the occurrence at his grave: assembled thousands, whose indignation had for a while been repressed by the solemnity of the occasion, burst forth in one deep groan of anathema, that ended in one loud shout of triumphant exultation. This, though awful indeed, was but a feeble manifestation of the feeling of the nation: and had the whole nation yelled together, it had conveyed but a slight idea of the odium of the world.

## 33. Verse CLXX. line 1.

*Long had the world groined 'neath the galling sway*

The state of things preceding, pending, and succeeding the French Revolution, is so notorious, that supplemental observation would be superfluous. Different views have, indeed, been given, and that of late, by two most eminent writers, Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Hazlitt; so conflicting are their opinions, and so accredited their talents, that not many will absolutely coincide with either. Mignet's French Revolution is, perhaps, the most concise and impartial history of the eventful period.

## 34. Verse CLXXXVII. lines 1 to 5.

*There was a fall, &c.*

The treatment of Napoleon is almost unparalleled in history: it would deserve most memorable mention in the annals of barbarity. It was the master-piece of heartless expediency. He flung himself upon the generosity of a victorious nation, whose boast was, its honour, its integrity, its Christianity,—and he was carried away into hopeless and miserable captivity. From the rock of St. Helena he gazed upon the ocean, and the fair white sail in

the distance, and the changing tide, and the auspicious gale, that might have wafted him to liberty, and to home, to the child of his heart, to the scenes of his affections; but there was no hope for him; his reflection was a sea

“Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless wo!”

35. Verse CLXXXVII. line 9.

*The Romans' murderous steel.*

The expression “murderous steel,” is only intended to convey the idea of Cæsar's dying by a death of violence. The deed of the Roman conspirators, considering the opinions of the day, and the circumstances of the occasion, was glorious. Not only did they think they were doing well, but later ages, who profess the milder principles of Christianity, withhold not their admiration.

“Look then abroad through nature, to the range  
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense.  
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene  
With half that kindling majesty dilate  
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm

Aloft extending, like eternal Jove  
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud  
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
And bade the father of his country, hail!  
For lo, the tyrant prostrate in the dust!  
And Rome again is free! "

*Akenside.*















